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INCOME TAX MUST GO WITH THE REST.

DEMOCRATS WON'T LET IT TAKE ITS CHANCES.

Proposition to Incorporate It in a Separate Measure and Let Congress Treat It as Is Thought Best Voted Down by the Ways and Means Committee.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—The Ways and Means committee refuses to drop the income tax clause of the tariff bill. A desperate effort was made to have the income tax legislation incorporated in a separate measure, but the committee today vot d to report the bill in its original form. At 11 o'clock the house went into committee of the whole for the consideration of the tariff. Beltzhoover opened the debate with a denunciation of the Wilson bill. A number of amendments to the bill are pending. Yesterday afternoon the coal schedule was taken up and a number of amendments to it were submitted by democrats from coal-producing states.

Mr. Gates (dem.) of Alabama offered an amendment, striking coal from the free list and putting a duty of 40 cents a ton upon it and 20 cents per ton on slack.

Mr Wise (dem.) of Virginia, offered an amendment to this amendment, placing the duty at 50 cents per ton.

Mr. McKaig (dem.) of Maryland submitted a substitute providing for the retention of the present law—75 cents per ton on coal and 30 cents per ton on slack.

Mr. Hitt (rep.) of Illinois offered an amendment to the substitute providing that if any article is imported, the product of any country which imposes a duty on said article from the United States, then there shall be levied, collected and paid upon said imported article the rate of duty existing prior to the passage of this act.

Mr. Wilson (dem.), of West Virginia made the point of order against the amendment that it was not germane to the subject under discussion and also that it was in the nature of retaliation.

Mr. Hitt spoke briefly against the point of order, but it was sustained.

Mr. McKaig, (dem.) of Maryland, his reasons for asking for protection on coal on the ground that the occupation of coal mining was extra hazardous and that the men employed in it had to pay taxes on the tools used. He was greeted with republican applause on conclusion of his remarks.

He was followed by Mr. Rayner (dem.), of Maryland, who delivered an earnest and eloquent plea for free coal.

Mr. Wise (dem., Va.) spoke in favor of his amendment putting a tax of 50 cents per ton on coal.

Mr. Clarke (dem., Ala.) said the Wilson bill discriminated in favor of the northern farmers.

Mr. Tucker (dem., Va.) asserted that putting coal on the free list would not cheapen the product to those people who lived west of the Alleghenies and east of the Rockies.

Mr. Hunter (dem., Ill.) termed protection the creation of avarice.

Mr. Alderson (dem., W. Va.) earnestly advocated the retention of the present duty.

Mr. McMillin (dem., Tenn.) defended the free coal schedule of the Wilson bill.

Mr. Oates (dem., Ala.) advocated a tariff on coal in the interest of the people of his state.

Mr. Washington (dem., Tenn.) opposed the placing of coal on the free list.

Mr. Grosvenor (rep., Ohio) said closing of mills due to the trade depression or the threat of free trade—whichever way it might be regarded—redounded to the injury of the miners.

Mr. Wheeler (dem., Ala.) spoke for a revenue tariff on coal.

Mr. Hicks (rep., Pa.) spoke for Pennsylvania in behalf of a tariff on coal. He denounced the Wilson bill as a dishonest and discriminating bill.

Mr. Breckinridge (dem., Ky.) said coal was the source of heat and light and life, and was universally used, and therefore there was nothing which could not better be taxed than this.

Mr. Walker (rep., Mass.) and Mr. Dalzell (rep., Pa.) opposed free coal.

Mr. Wilson (dem., W. Va.) in closing the debate said the democratic platform, while declaring for tariff reform, declared specifically for free raw materials. He said the exportation of coal from the United States to Canada, England, Germany, France, and other countries had largely increased in recent years. It is common history that the price of coal is put up and put down at the will of the coal combine. He was asked why he did not put a tariff upon the product of his own state. Mr. Wilson said that in making a tariff for the whole country he had not considered the interests of his own state.

The amendment of Mr. Oates, putting on a tax of 40 cents a ton was then voted on and defeated by a vote of 81 in the affirmative to 131 in the negative.

The house next took up the iron ore schedule. Mr. Oates (dem., Ala.) was recognized and offered an amendment to take iron off the free list and put a tariff tax of 40 cents a ton on it.

Mr. Sibley (dem., Pa.) won republican applause by declaring that he would lose his right hand rather than vote to destroy the industries of his state.

Mr. Haugen (rep., Wis.) spoke in opposition to the Wilson bill in general and against free iron ore in particular. He gave notice that to-day he would propose an amendment providing for the retention of the present duty on iron ore.

The house then took a recess.

At the night session Mr. Patterson (dem., Tenn.) addressed the committee in support of an income tax.

Mr. Haines (dem., N. Y.) was granted three minutes, in which he deprecated ad valorem duties.

Mr. Bartholdt (rep., Mo.) spoke in opposition to the Wilson bill, and was followed by Mr. Taylor (dem., Ind.), Baker (rep., N. H.), and Beltzhoover (dem., Pa).

The house then adjourned.

SENATE PROCEEDINGS.

Resolutions Reported Opposing Any Interference in Hawaii.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—In the senate yesterday a resolution reported from the committee on foreign relations went over without action, declaring it unwise and inexpedient at this time to consider any project of annexation of the Hawaiian islands to the United States; that the provisional government there, having been duly recognized, should be allowed to pursue its own line of policy, and that any intervention in the political affairs of the islands will be regarded as an act unfriendly to the United States.

Senator Stewart addressed the senate in support of Senator Peffer's resolution offered on the 18th instant declaring that the secretary of the treasury has no lawful authority for issuing and selling bonds as proposed in his recent notice.

At the close of Senator Stewart's remarks the resolution was referred to the committee on finance.

The senate then resumed consideration of the house bill to repeal the federal election law, and was addressed by Senator Wilson in opposition to it.

Bond Circular Issued.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Secretary Carlisle has issued his circular with blank proposals for bonds, which proposals will be received at the various sub-treasuries. The bonds will be in denominations of $50, $100, $1,000 and $10,000.

INJUNCTION PETITION.

Judge Cole Forwards the Document to Senator Allen at Washington.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Jan. 24.—The petition of General Master Workman J. R. Sovereign of the Knights of Labor asking an injunction restraining Secretary Carlisle from issuing bonds, prepared by Judge C. C. Cole of Des Moines, was forwarded to Senator Allen at Washington last night. Judge Cole declined to make the petition public before Senator Allen approves it. Mr. Sovereign has written General Secretary Treasurer Hayes of Philadelphia to meet Senator Allen in Washington and engage such additional counsel as the senator may desire.

Seek Rose Zoldoski's Pardon.

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 24.—The petitions for the pardon of Rose Zoldoski was argued before Gov. Peck yesterday. The argument for the pardon was made by L. H. Bancroft, who was Miss Zoldoski's first attorney at the trial in Grant county. A remonstrance against the pardon was also presented. No decision was reached.

Ohio Lawyer Said to Be a Defaulter.

WAPAKONETA, Ohio, Jan. 24.—Samuel Gnagi, a leading attorney, has fled the country and is said to be a defaulter in the aggregate of $20,000, mostly embezzled from trust estates. He also embezzled from the Oddfellows' lodge. A report that he committed suicide is not believed.

A. P. A. Convention at Bloomington.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Jan. 24.—There are about 1,000 delegates from all parts of Illinois in attendance upon the state convention of the American Protective association, which opened in Turner hall yesterday afternoon. The convention is maintaining complete secrecy.

Czar to Honor Frenchmen.

PARIS, Jan. 24.—There will soon be a shower of Russian orders in connection with the Franco-Russian fetes and the conferring of them is only deferred until the Russian New Year's day in order to make the honor greater.

Triumph for Lords of Admiralty.

LONDON, Jan. 24.—The naval estimates for 1894 will provide for the expenditure of £35,000,000. The decision to spend this amount of money in strengthening the navy is a great triumph for the lords of the admiralty.

Nolan and Mearns Sail for America.

DUBLIN, Jan. 24.—Nolan and Mearns, the two men arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the murder of Reed and who were discharged owing to the failure to connect them with the crime.

Russian Porcelain Works Burn.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 24.—The imperial porcelain and glass works together with their valuable machinery and models, have been burned.

Hopes to Catch Evans.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 24.—Detective Thacker of Wells, Fargo & Co. says that he has positive evidence that Evans and Morrell are now between King's River and San Joaquin, and that in a very short time they will surely be caught.

Des Moines Miners Out on Strike.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Jan. 24.—Eight hundred coal miners in this district went out yesterday on the 5 cent reduction by operators.

HARD UP FOR SEWERS BUT HAVE NO CASH.

MADISON LAKES POLLUTED BY CITY FILTH.

Citizens Have Two Plans for Disposing of the Drainage But the Law Doesn't Allow Them to Issue Any More Bonds—About $80,000 is Needed.

MADISON, Jan. 23—There is a hitch in the sewerage plans. Nobody questions the necessity of a change from the present system of polluting the waters of the lakes by making them the depositories of the city sewerage. The great stumbling block in the way of the adoption of any system is lack of funds. The city's bonded indebtedness is now within about $40 000 of the statutory limit, which is five per cent of the assessed valuation of property.

Engineers who have the sewerage plans in charge agree on the Shone, system, with disposal works to which the sewage is conducted and chemically treated. Mr. Dodge's plans are for five ejector stations at as many low points in the city, where the sewage is raised by compressed air pressure, working automatically through the ejectors, and forced from each station directly to the disposal works. His estimate of the cost for such a system, including disposal works is $80,000. The air pressure would be obtained from the waterworks pumping station.

Capt. Nader's plan differs from this mainly in providing for gravity pipes from the ejector stations to a central receiving station. Here the sewage would be pumped to the disposal works. His estimate for such a system which would provide for a population of 50,000 is $90,000.

THEIR FINAL DEMAND.

Indianapolis Men Out of Work Threaten a Riot To-Night.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 24.—Yesterday a number of the city's unemployed were to have been put to work making a lake in Garfield park, but less than fifty men applied. Several hundred with dinner pails gathered at the city hall and declared they would not work because the pay was in the shape of orders on the charity store for food. Many had been sampling the rations given out at the poor food market and declared it inadequate in quantity and poor in quality. Finally the complaints reached an officer of the health department, who made an inspection of the food market and found the men had not overdrawn the matter. A quantity of beef was condemned and the officer stopped it being given out, remaining there until it was sent back to the butcher and a fresh supply was obtained. The men secured the use of the courthouse and a meeting will be held to-night. The men say this will be the last meeting to demand work and if they are not given work this time the city will have to take the consequence. The firm determination of the men is regarded as threatening.

THE NATIONAL TREASURY.

Statement of the Assets and Demand Liabilities Yesterday.

WASHINGTON Jan. 24.—The statement of the United States treasury showing the classified assets of the treasury and demand liabilities yesterday is as follows:

ASSETS.	
Gold coin and bullion	$145,927,929
Silver dollars and bullion	337,096,558
Silver dollars and bullion, act July 14, 1890	153,093,157
Fractional silver and minor coin	14,909,792
United States notes	46,985,655
United States treasury notes	1,920,914
Gold certificates	62,860
Silver certificates	6,893,566
National bank notes	14,917,060
Deposits with national depositories:	
General account	11,310,677
Disbursing officers' balances	3,801,161
Total	$736,918,329
LIABILITIES.	
Gold certificates	$ 77,227,769
Silver certificates	336,012,504
United States Treasury notes	153,081,151
Currency certificates	42,675,000
Disbursing officers' balances, agency accounts, etc	44,926,933

FIFTY CONVICTS ESCAPE.

They Crawl Through the Water Gate and Hide in the Mountains.

COAL CREEK, Tenn., Jan. 24.—Fifty convicts confined in the branch state prison here escaped by crawling through the bars of the water gate leading into the stockade. As soon as the escape was discovered the guards started in hot pursuit, firing constantly. Several men were shot, but more succeeded in escaping. Many are hiding in the mountains around Coal Creek. At this same place two years ago the whole number of convicts in the stockade, about 200, were liberated by the miners. Some of these escaping are among those then recaptured. They are all in for terms not longer than fifteen years.

Gold Found in Upper Wisconsin.

WEST SUPERIOR, Wis., Jan. 24.—Explorers returning from the Rainy Lake gold country near the Canadian and Minnesota border say gold is found in paying quantities all along the shores and on the islands of Rainy lake and river. Besides gold the country produces small quantities of copper and nickel. It has become a craze at the head of the lakes to go

TROOPS MAY FIGHT IF THE "PUGS" DON'T

BLOODSHED BARELY AVERTED IN JACKSONVILLE.

Entire Military Force of the State Has Been Called Out to Prevent the Prize Fight, But Officers Find Handling their Own Men the Hardest Job.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla. Jan. 24—The officers are having hard work to control the troops. There were many disturbances on the street today and bloodshed is feared. The entire militia of the state has been ordered out and half of it is here, and the shining guns of the citizen soldiers gave the city an appearance of military rule. The detachments detailed for duty comprise the entire Second batallion of the state troops. It is possible the fight will have to be postponed or declared off, but the club seems now more than ever determined to have the contest. If the railroads aid the officials of the Duval club and delay furnishing transportation to the soldiers, the fight can easily be brought off before interference is possible. Both principals are in perfect condition.

STEAMER HAD A NARROW ESCAPE

The Decks Swept by an Avalanche of Water--Seven Persons Injured.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—The steamship Normannia of the Hamburg-American line, which sailed for Naples and Genoa last Thursday, returned to this port yesterday after the hardest tussle with the sea she has ever been subjected to. On Sunday morning the steamship ran into a howling hurricane, and about midday a great tidal wave, that towered mountain high, came aboard. It crashed through the deckhouse, where Second Officer Ernest Kading was asleep. The half-inch steel plates on the ship curled up like paper and left a hole big enough to drive a wagon through. The huge wall of water swept on into the ladies' saloon. Every chair and table was ripped from the floor, the partitions were battered down and the piano, which was screwed to the floor, was lifted and hurled against a plate-glass mirror. The panic-stricken passengers rushed out in their night-clothes only to find themselves up to their necks in water. Their staterooms were flooded and so was the main saloon. The forehold was filled with water and the $50,000 cargo of tobacco ruined.

No one was killed outright by the avalanche of water that swept over the ship, but that was due not to the mildness of the disaster, but to the fact that every one not on duty was below decks asleep. As it was, Second Officer Kading was badly hurt and may die from his injuries. He is now in the hospital aboard ship, unconscious and hovering between life and death. Had the wave come aboard when the deck was crowded with passengers the result would have been dreadful. Seven members of the crew were hurt by being dashed against the rail by the great wave. The names of the victims are:

E. KADING, second officer, probably fatal internal injuries and bad injuries about the head.

W. POMPATI, deck steward, serious injuries on leg and side.

—— WEKE, steward, bad cut on head and arm.

——KORTSCHAN, steward, cuts on head, badly bruised.

——KOLBE, steward, bad cuts and bruises.

——SCHILLOS, musician and steward, bad cuts on head.

——RONNICKE, musician, cuts on head.

Capt. Hebich, realizing that his vessel was too badly injured to continue the battle with the gale and heavy seas, decided to put back to New York. His announcement to this effect gave great satisfaction to the passengers. The return trip was comparatively without incident. Within a few hours after turning back the ship ran into better weather and then temporary repairs were completed. It was an intense relief to the passengers when they caught sight of the Fire Island light this morning. The effects of many of the passengers were ruined by the water.

The ship was damaged between $75,000 and $100,000, which is fully covered by insurance.

SENATE WILL NOT ACT.

No Prospect of a Settlement of the Colorado Legislative Embroglio

DENVER, Jan 24.—The senate stands pat and will do no business. When the members met yesterday a motion passed to go into committee of the whole to consider the house bill providing for the payment of a part of the contingent and incidental expenses of the special session. The emergency clause was promptly cut out. Senator Pease, populist, arose in disgust and walked out of the senate chamber. The committee arose and recommended that the bill as amended be indefinitely postponed. Senator Barela, of the minority, called the session a fandango affair and urged the members to quit their obstruction tactics. Another minority member thought no senator had earned his per diem pay and he was opposed to the appropriation bill. The report was indefinitely postponed and the senate adjourned until Friday afternoon. The house took up the bill to declare eight hours a legal day for labor.

THE BLIZZARD WAS GENERAL.

Snow and Wind All Over the Northwest--Cold Is Increasing.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., Jan. 24.—The almost summer weather which has prevailed in Central Illinois throughout the winter has been succeeded by a change to colder weather. Early yesterday a fall of snow set in, which continued all day, and in the evening at 8 o'clock there was three inches of snow on the level and the fall continues, growing heavier and more blinding as time passes. The farmers of central Illinois have nearly completed their plowing and will be in fine shape for the opening of spring. The Chicago & Alton report a heavy rain from St. Louis to Springfield, and snow from Springfield to Chicago.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 24.—Snow began falling here before noon yesterday and is still coming down, with no indications of an immediate let up. The electric street car lines have only succeeded in running cars occasionally and with great difficulty. It is growing colder. The storm has not caused any serious delay to railway traffic.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill., Jan. 24.—Snow began falling about noon yesterday and at 7 in the evening the ground was covered to a depth of four inches, with prospects of much more. There is considerable wind, and snow is drifting badly.

QUINCY, Ill., Jan. 24.—A blizzard from the north reached here yesterday afternoon and raged furiously. The thermometer now marks 8 degrees above zero and is falling fast. A heavy snow is falling.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Jan. 24.—Central Iowa was visited yesterday with one of the worst blizzards of the year. The fall of snow has not been more than two or three inches, but the wind has blown it about and heaped it up all day until there is great interference with traffic of all kinds. The railroads have managed to keep their lines pretty clear, but many trains have been late on all the roads. With the snow came a cold wave that is rapidly drawing the mercury down. The change in the temperature is between 40 and 50 degrees. The reports from surrounding towns show that the storm is widespread and is everywhere equally severe.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Jan. 24.—The temperature fell 50 degrees in twenty-four hours here, and at 6 o'clock last night registered 20 degrees below zero, not going above 10 degrees all day. A heavy fall of snow accompanied the cold.

KANSAS CITY, Jan. 24.—Dispatches from towns in the Cherokee Strip say that the blizzard prevailed there with much violence and is causing much suffering among the settlers, who are ill prepared for its rigors. Stoves are scarce, and there is a scarcity of fuel, which is beyond the means of many settlers. It is expected that the suffering will be intense and in some cases fatal.

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 24.—Yesterday between 6 and 7 o'clock, while the mercury was hovering around zero, a brisk snow-storm set in, continuing all day, and the wind blew such a driving gale as to make travel extremely disagreeable. The snow, which is still falling, with no signs of abatement, is drifting badly. The mercury in the evening registered 1 above zero.

DENVER, Colo., Jan. 24.—Trainmen running between Salida and Grand Junction say the snowfall along their route is heavier this winter than for years, and it is snowing continuously. The cold wave struck Denver yesterday morning accompanied by a slight fall of snow. The storm is general over the state.

WILL CLOSE ALL OHIO MINES.

Action Taken by the Miners Refusing a Reduction of Wages.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Jan. 24.—Ten thousand miners of Ohio have thrown down the gage of battle to the operators. They have refused to accept a reduction in wages. The state executive board of the United Mine Workers of America, representing the ten subdistricts, counted the vote on the proposed reduction and it was lost by a majority of 500 votes. The officials of the union favored the acceptance of a reduction. They argued that a failure on the part of the miners to pursue this course meant months of idleness and destitution for the families of thousands of workingmen in the mining districts of the state. The miners demand the 70 cents a ton scale up to May 1. This will close all the Ohio coal mines. Eight hundred miners are idle in the Kanawha Valley and many are entirely without food.

Meredith's Free Silver Bill.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—Mr. Meredith (dem. Va.) offered in the house yesterday a bill authorizing the owners of silver bullion mined or produced in the United States to have it coined into standard silver dollars of 412½ grains, at any United States mint, on the same terms and conditions that gold is now mined. The dollars mined are to be a legal tender for all debts or demands, public or private.

California Fair Will Open Sundays.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 24.--All opposition to opening the Midwinter Exposition Fair Sundays has subsided. Sunday will be the great day at the Fair. The Musicians' union has formally protested to the Exposition managers for employing only thirty-four local musicians and importing the Iowa State band of fifty-four. The union asks for equal representation.

Buy Dullam's German 25 cent Cough Dure at Palmer & Stevens.

PRESIDENT AWAY ON A SAD ERRAND.

CALLED TO HARTFORD BY A NEPHEW'S FUNERAL.

Mr. Cleveland Accompanied By His Sister and Private Secretary Thurber Pass Through New York—They Will Return to Washington By Thursday Evening.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24.—President Cleveland, his sister and Secretary Thurber passed through to-day on their way to Hartford. They go to attend the funeral of the president's nephew. The party will return to Washington on Thursday.

DR. CRONIN'S WOUNDS.

Expert Testimony Resumed in the Coughlin Trial.

CHICAGO, Jan. 24.—The defense in the Coughlin trial continued its introduction of medical expert testimony yesterday to controvert the theory of the state as to the cause of Dr. Cronin's death. Prof. Ewell, the distinguished microscopist, was present and ready to testify on behalf of the defense. Dr. J. G. Kiernan, who was on the stand at adjournment yesterday, took his place in the witness chair at the opening of court to submit to Assistant State's Attorney Bottum's cross examination. The usual number of hypothetical questions were asked the witness, and for hours the court's time was taken up with the effort to decide whether Dr. Cronin died from the wounds found on his body or from liver complaint or consumption. This medical testimony is liable to last all this week.

EIGHT JURORS SECURED.

Great Difficulty Experienced in Finding Men to Try Murderer Hart.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Jan. 24.—In the Hart murder trial yesterday there was no abatement of interest, the courtroom being well filled. All the morning was spent in an effort to secure a fair and impartial jury, dozens of jurors being excused on account of fixed and unchangeable opinions which they had formed. When court took an adjournment at the noon hour eight jurors had been accepted by both sides. Great difficulty is being experienced in securing the last four to complete the jury. Both sides are fighting every inch of ground. Hart pays very little attention to the jurors and is apparently unconcerned.

GEAR'S SECOND ELECTION.

Formality Observed by the Iowa Legislature to Cover a Doubt.

DES MOINES, Jan. 24.—Both houses met at 4 o'clock yesterday. The business on hand was the election of United States senator for a second time, and Gov. Gear will be given a dobble set of credentials to made sure that his seat is secure beyond technical doubt. The visiting committees will be back, but they may not be ready to report for some time.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Trial of ten white caps at Columbus, Ind., has been set for March 5.

Gov McKinley of Ohio has been made a member of the Union Veteran legion.

Cheyenne Indians in the western part of Indian Territory are falling victims to the grip.

Henry Murphy of Martinsville, Ind., has been arrested for trying to wreck Pennsylvania trains.

Mrs. James Morgan, 75 years old, was burned to death in her home at Farley, Iowa.

John Grohl, a wealthy old man of Toledo, Ohio, was buncoed out of $6,000 by an alleged nephew.

Ed. D Davis, a prominent negro of Greenville, S. C., and his wife were murdered by unknown persons.

The Kansas Editorial association's annual meeting was brought to a close at Hutchinson by a banquet.

Felix Goodman of Key West, Iowa, was seriously injured in a fight with a wildcat and is not expected to live.

Mrs. John Braddock has just died at Slabtown, Pa., aged 120 years. She was a Russian refugee, escaping forty years ago.

John Kull of Ridgewood, L. I., attacked his wife with an ax and then drowned himself in a cesspool. The woman may recover.

A. P. Williams, assignee of the defunct Thayer bank at Sparta, Wis., will begin payment of a 10 per cent dividend.

Controller Eckels has authorized the First National bank of Phillipsburg, Mont., which was suspended some months ago, to resume business.

Mrs. Emanuel Hodge fell dead in Elwood, Ind., through excitement over the burning of a neighbor's residence and the narrow escape of the family.

The trial of Tom Brady and his four pals, charged with the robbery of a St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern train and the murder of Conductor McNally in November last, began at Newport, Ark.

Prosecutor Orndorff of Marshall, Ill., has received a letter from the prosecuting attorney of a neighboring county offering to produce the murderess of George Powers if money for his witnesses' expenses is provided.

A carload of beef donated by Swift & Co. of Chicago to the poor of Ashland, Wis., has arrived. Families are given tickets, bearing the number of members in each family, and the meat is being dealt out proportionately.

MR. PENCE IS NOW THEIR PASTOR.

PRESBYTERIANS INSTALL THEIR NEW MINISTER.

Many Join in the Services Despite the January Blizzard--Installation Sermon by Rev. J. W. Cochran of Madison, Another Exponent of Young Blood in the Pulpit.

Drifting snow and northwest wind couldn't prevent a large attendance at the installation of Rev. E. H. Pence last night. Presbyterians are enthusiastic over their eloquent young pastor, and turned out en masse, while the other churches were also well represented, Rev. Dr. Hodge and Rev. S. P. Wilder being included in the audience.

Flowers banked the pulpit, and on either side were vases from which sprung clusters of blossoms.

There was music, prayer and scripture reading, and the sermon by Rev.

REV. E. H. PENCE.

J. W. Cochran, of Madison, followed. Mr. Pence is twenty-eight years of age, but Mr. Cochran is one year his junior, the position of honor to which he was assigned showing the recognition that Wisconsin Presbyterians are according to young blood. Mr. Cochran's text was from Haggai: "And will make thee as a signet." After dwelling upon the importance of the signet in early days as giving positive evidence of the owner, the speaker urged young christians who were God's signets, to see

REV. W. F. BROWN.

that the impression they made in the yielding wax of the world was true and sharp. He wanted them sure that as signets they were of unyielding gems, not of friable stone that battered and lost its clearness of outline.

New Pastor Formally Installed.

At the conclusion of the sermon Rev. Mr. Pence was questioned by Moderator C. L. Richards of the Madison Presbytery, and was formally received as pastor. Rev. Dr J. H. Ritchey of Portage City delivered the charge to the pastor. He said a recent magazine article had discussed the decadence of the pulpit as a force in everyday life. If there had been a decadence it was because ministers had turned from the preaching of God's word and were preaching philosophy, astronomy and literary criticism. He urged the new pastor to hold closely to the scriptures in his pulpit work.

The installation prayer was by Dr. W. F Brown, Mr. Pence's predecessor. Rev. Charles Merrill of Beloit delivered the charge to the people and at the close there was a season of hand shaking and of congratulations for the newly installed clergyman.

White Granite Ware.

Look through this issue until you find Wheelock's large advertisement. Read it carefully: you will find something there to interest you. Their special sale on white granite ware will last but ten days. Be sure, and take advantage of it, as you will never have those goods offered you again at the prices now quoted by Wheelock.

Late Arrivals.

Many new goods arrived at Wheelock's too late to open for the holiday trade. Whole packages of French China from Haviland's factory, of Wheelock's own importation, are just in. Call and look them over. The prices will be right. Also, new cut glasses, silverware, and new fancy pieces Try MacBeth's lead glass chimneys.

Scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired, is thoroughly expelled from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

SCARLET FEVER NOT REPORTED.

Dr. Robinson Says Red Cards Go Up Where-ever Disease Is Found.

"I said to you the other day that there was no contagious disease in the city," said Health Officer Robinson this morning. "I was honest in making that statement to you, and at this time I know of no such disease in the city. If there is a case of scarlet fever in the city at this time I do not know of it. The doctors have been very prompt in reporting cases coming under their care, and I am reluctant to believe the reports I hear on the streets. I have just received this postal card," he remarked, at the same time handing the card over to the reporter. The card read:

"Janesville, January, 1894—Dr. Robeson:—in Last night Paper i see you said that their was no contagus Disease in the city. their is a Case of Scarlet Fevier on S, Main St where they run out and in house and is not Quatained Please see to it and Oblige a FRIEND."

"That is very definite," remarked the doctor. "There are a good many houses on South Main street, and with the information given it would be difficult indeed to find it without a house to house search. Now I do not desire to contradict the information I gave you the other day, but perhaps, it might be well to qualify it by saying that there are no cases reported to the health department. I am always ready to attend to all cases of contagion reported, but cannot pay attention to indefinite notices like the above."

WOODMEN HAVE A MERRY EVENING

Members of Florence Camp Defy the Blizzard and Enjoy Good Fare.

Modern Woodmen and their families had the jolliest kind of a time in Liberty hall last night. There was an address of welcome by H. G. Arnold, instrumental quartette, guitars and mandolins, by Messrs. George Robinson, George Amman, Charles Johnson and Richard Barlow; a select reading, "Betsey and I Are Out" by Mrs. Amy Christman; piano duet by the Misses Kueck; vocal quintette. Mrs. Brockhaus, Miss Newell, Harry Marsden, Mr. Newell and Charles Greene; "Down in the Deep," bass solo by Archie Crawford; Josiah Allen's "Buyin' a Feller" by Miss Lou Fenton: a harmonica and guitar duet by Charles Johnson and a baritone solo "Anchored" by Henry Marsden. After the literary and musical programme a basket lunch was served and there was dancing to the music of Gokey's orchestra.

A Cut in Tinware.

We know a thing or two about running a hardware store. We keep up with the times and work for business. See our prices below and then come and see our stock:

Best lanterns	$ .29
Lantern globes	.05
1 bushel basket	.13
2 quart pan	.06
Best egg beater	.10
3 Qt coffee pot	.11
Dish pans	.16
2 Qt. dipper	.06
Dust pans	.06
Tin basins	.02
House numbers	.02
Shoe blacking	.07
Best wringers	1.50
Best Washing machines	3.00
All clamp steel skates	.25
Steel hatchets	.23
Bucksaws, warranted	.55
Coal hods	.19
Wagon jacks	.15

LOWELL HARDWARE CO.

Clearing Sale at Ziegler's.

Until Feb. 1, we will offer all children's suits at $2.50 that formerly sold at $5 $6 suits, sold go at $3; all $6.50, $7 and $8 suits at $5. You were never offered a better chance to clothe your boys We are having a sale of men's suits and have made the price $8. You can find single and double breasted sack suits, cutaways, and frocks which formerly sold at $12 to $18, all good values and a splendid line to select from. These suits are broken lines and would be well worth twice the price we ask you. Pants are selling at $3, worth $4.50, $5 and $6. A sweeping reduction in every department. If you need clothing for yourself or children come at once as we shall positively not make these prices after Feb. 1.

T. J. ZIEGLER,
Janesville, Wis.
Cor. Main and Milwaukee Sts.

Low Rates To Coast Points.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co., will sell round trip, first class tickets, good to return until April 30, 1894, at $84.25, for San Francisco and other California coast points; also with same limit, round trip, first class tickets for Portland. Oregon and north Pacific coast points at $79.55. For one way rates call at the ticket office, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y.; also for all points south and east.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

LEGAL business called George G. Sutherland to Madison.

MR. and Mrs. Peter Rock are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. Joseph Scovel.

FOR diaries and calendars, call at Sutherland's bookstore.

PELOUBETS Notes on Sunday School Lessons, '94, at Sutherland's.

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD will be a drawing card at the Burns festival.

THE Burns entertainment begins at 7:30 sharp. Tickets, $1.25. Extra lady or lady unattended, fifty cents.

M. G. JEFFRIS will deliver the annual address at the Burns festival on Friday evening. This fact alone should fill the Armory to overflowing.

Buy Dullam's German 25 cent Cough Cure at Palmer & Stevens

PAUPER HORSES FED WHILE OUT OF WORK

CLINTON HAS A NOVEL SOUP HOUSE STARTED.

J. W. Hartshorn Harbors 125 American Express Equines Until the Business Depression and Democratic Times Pass Away--H. C. Thom's Father Dead--Other County News.

CLINTON, Jan. 24—J. W. Hartshorn has started an "equine soup house," and now has 125 horses that are thrown out of employment by the good old democratic times, as boarders. It came in this way. Mr. Hartshorn did this as agent of the American Express Company. While some of them are for sale, the most of them will be kept in idleness until the business picks up. Alexander Thom, father of Chairman H. C. Thom, died at his home near Clinton at 5 o'clock Sunday morning, aged sixty-three years, after an illness that lasted two years. Mr. Thom was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1831, and was married to Miss Mary White, who survives him in 1855. He had been a resident of this county for upwards of thirty-eight years, and for the past twenty years has resided near Clinton. He leaves, besides his widow, H. C. Thom, of Madison, formerly the dairy and food commissioner, and at present the chairman of the republican state central committee, Mrs. Frank Hannas, who resides near Beloit, Mrs. Frank Barker and Mrs. Percy Snyder, of Clinton. The funeral was held Thursday afternoon. A good number of the members of the Temple of Honor visited Beloit last Monday evening to help the Temple at that place celebrate their anniversary and to listen again to the eloquent William J. McConnell. L. L. Olds has commenced his annual distribution of potato catalogues. Morgan Miller's oldest girl is very sick. Rev. Oldams' lecture was good. The L. L. A. meets regularly now. Debates and readings, etc., receive attention. Mr. Markle is slowly recovering from the injuries received in a runaway. Chairman H. C. Thom, well known in political circles of late, and formerly county superintendent of schools of Rock county but now a resident of Madison, was called to Clinton to his father's deathbed on Saturday, arriving just as his father passed away.

GOOD LECTURES AT MILTON.

Prof. Kumlien Will Deliver the Next One--News of the Week.

MILTON, Jan. 24—Prof Kumlien delivers his lecture "Notes of An Arctic Explorer" at the college chapel next Wednesday evening. This is one of the most interesting lectures in the course and deserves a large hearing. Phil Cheek, special agent of the Hartford Insurance Company, was in the village Wednesday, shaking hands with friends and telling a few good stories in his inimitable style. The lecture by Prof. A. O. Wright at the Methodist church was well patronized and full of interest. Frank Root went to Milwaukee last week and took an examination before the State Board of Pharmacy. He received an assistant's certificate. Renew your subscription to The Gazette, pay a quarter in addition and get the Inter Ocean for a year. W. W. Clarke is agent for The Gazette and all other publications. E. B. Saunders returned from his revival work at West Hallock, Ill., Wednesday. Mrs. O. A. Friddell is confined to the house by sickness Mrs. M. M. Curtis and Lyman Curtis, of Lake Geneva, are the guests of Prof. Albert Whitford. George A. Smith, of Cedar Falls, spent last week at the old homestead in Harmony. W. P. Clarke's lecture at College Chapel was listened to by a large audience and much interest was manifested in his effort, which was an able exposition of the subject treated. Mrs. W. H. Davidson has been on the sick list for some time and does not improve as fast as her friends desire. The friends and parishioners of Rev. W. H. Summers will make a donation visit at the M. E. church on Tuesday evening, January 30. The public are cordially invited. A delegation of thirty members from Du Lac Lodge, I. O. O. F. visited Edgerton Lodge Saturday evening, and the "degree team" confered the initiatory and first degree upon a candidate for membership in Edgerton lodge. The visitors were heartily welcomed and had a jolly good time. The delegation from here were accompanied by five members from Milton Junction lodge and one member of Juda lodge. Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Saunders have gone to Westerly, R. I. to spend the winter. Mr. Saunders will engage in evangelistic work at that point.

MILTON JUNCTION MEALS PAID

Dinners Served During the Farmers' Convention Netted Over $53.

MILTON, JUNCTION, Jan. 24—The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E church took in over fifty-three dollars net on meals served during the farmers' convention. The Ladies Aid Society and the Epworth League met at Rush Bullis' Monday evening, the receipts being about seven dollars. Mrs. Ira Pellant is very low and her recovery is doubtful. Mrs. R. Hill is somewhat better but is not able to be out. J B. Borden, principal of the high school is troubled with sore throat, a reminder of the diphtheria that came so near proving fatal two years ago Two of Nelson Chamberlain's children are under the weather. Ten from Milton Junction attended the camp fire in Edgerton last night. They were J. S. Gilbert, Dr. E. S. Hull, George K. Butts, J. H. Bullis, Nelson Chamberlain, Stephen Kerns, wife and sister, and A. S. Bullis.

DAN. COUGHLIN,
Twice Tried in Chicago for Murder of Dr. Cronin.

North Johnstown News.

NORTH JOHNSTOWN, Jan. 24—On account of bad roads and sickness in the president's family, the mission meeting was indefinitely postponed. According to previous announcement, the ladies' aid society held their entertainment and oyster supper last Thursday evening, which was well patronized, and was a success financially. Miss Allie Johnson is visiting friends in Whitewater. The ladies will hold their next aid society with Mrs. Watson Aldrich on Thursday afternoon, January 25. Mrs. Alvah Bevers is sick with a cold. The storm last Friday evening did not prevent a goodly company from gathering at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Fuller, to the Methodist social.

Gossip From Magnolia.

MAGNOLIA, Jan. 24—The literary meeting Friday evening was a very pleasing affair and the next meeting will be held at schoolhouse Friday evening January 26. The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Clarke who has been sick for a few days is improving Miss Belle Rice, of Cooksville, has been spending a few days with Nelson Brown and family. Benjamin Worthing, died at his home in Center on January 14. The funeral services were held Wednesday. Bertie Love returned to his home in Cooksville on Sunday.

Mrs. Samuel Wolcott.

Mrs. Samuel Wolcott died at her home November 30, aged seventy-six years. Mrs. Wolcott was born in Vermont, March 26, 1817 and was the daughter of John Gates She was married in 1839 to Mr. Wolcott and lived happily with him until the time of his death in 1879. Since that time she has found a home with her children. At the time of her death she was living with her daughter, Mrs. John Scott, of Green county, Ill. She was the mother of ten children of which six are living. Early in life she gave her heart to God and has ever since lived a Christian life.

News From South Turtle.

SOUTH TURTLE, Jan. 24—Mrs. Pollock, who has been very ill with pneumonia has recovered. The many friends of George Crosby will be glad to know that he is able to sit up. The prayer meeting at John Crockett's last Thursday night was well attended. Calvin Johnson and family have been visiting Janesville friends. Mr. Pollock's two colts which strayed away were found at C. J. Dresser's in South Clinton, the former home of one of the colts.

Fairfield Social Events.

FAIRFIED, Jan. 24—The next social will be given at the home of Mr. and Mrs Frances H. Wilkins, on Tuesday evening, January 30. Each gentleman is requested to furnish fruit enough for two persons, and the ladies will pay for the supper tickets. Mrs. David Dykeman is failing quite rapidly. Jerome Waterman is rushed with feed grinding. The handkerchief social passed off very pleasantly despite the unfavorable weather.

Notes From South Clinton.

SOUTH CLINTON, Jan. 24.—Gertie Nelson returned to Beloit Monday morning. Mrs. E. L. Benedict entertained a pleasant company on Thursday last. Rev. Dexter and others from Clinton were among the number. George Dresser has recovered from the kick he received and Marion from the chicken pox.

WANTED.

WANTED—A good competent girl Apply to Mrs. J. F. Reynolds, 216 Mineral Point avenue.

AGENTS make $5 a day. Greatest kitchen utensil ever invented. Retails 35 cents 2 to 6 sold in every house. Sample postage paid five cents. FORSHEE & M'MAKIN, Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—To buy a few dry cows. Apply at Brown Bro's shoe store.

WANTED—Two young ladies, or two young men can find board and lodging at 51 Locust street.

WANTED—A good girl for general housework in the country. Apply at Galbraith's Hotel, old Highland House.

AGENTS WANTED—Men of good address, to work life insurance and sell real estate. C. S. Graves, 23 West Milwaukee street.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Four-room flat in Gazette block. Inquire of R. C. Holdredge, 252 South Main street.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE, Cheap—A good three-spring leather top Buchholz phaeton in good condition. Will exchange for a first-class, undercut, light surrey, and pay a liberal difference for one that suits. S. A. POND, 7 East Street, S.

A Lot of People

have a horse or horses that they don't want. We want one or two carloads—say a carload of good work horses and a carload of good drivers. We have building lots that are sure to advance from 10 to 20 per cent. within two years; we have a good many of them; we will exchange enough of them to pay for horses enough to fill two cars. If you prefer houses we have six good ones for sale and will take half the price of any of them in horses.

We must buy this stock right and will sell you the real estate very low. Call and see us.

Yours very truly,
GEO. L. & SARAH H. CARRINGTON.

Something that we do.

We buy and sell farms. We exchange city property for farms. We buy and sell city and village property or we exchange city property for any kind of personal property. We buy for cash or real estate any kind of stocks of goods. If you are in the dry goods, hardware, grocery, jewelry, crockery, boots and shoes, or general merchandise business and want to get out, you can sell out to us and get cash and good real estate. We loan money on real estate at right rates. We make loans for other parties. Whatever you have, whatever you want to do in the way of dealing, you go wrong unless you come to us. It seems so to us.

Yours very truly,
GEO. L. & SARAH H. CARRINGTON.

Summer's 40 Hours Away.

A trip of two-score hours, will take you where the weather's warm—
THOMASVILLE, GA., or
JACKSONVILLE or TAMPA,

FLORIDA.

A pleasant and continuous journey via the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Louisville and Nashville and Savannah Florida and Western R. R's can be made for a short time, at very low rates. Write to
CHAS. W. HUMPHREY,
[illegible] St. Paul, Minn.
Or CHAS. L. STONE,
[illegible] Chicago, Ill.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A New Year Dawns On Ragged Lawns, Etc.

We will give you a little light on where to purchase until March 1.

CHEAP.

An elegant line of Plush Caps at 75c. We paid $9.00 a dozen for them. Can buy Wool caps at 25 cents. Only a few left. Cost us not less.

Lined gloves and mittens at actual cost. Broken sizes in underwear even lower than above.

NOW OUR REASONS.

What we carry now to next season is old to us and we then start them in at cost. Why not do it now and have the use of something until then. We both make by the transaction.

Can You See Where

It will be a difficult task to figure any profit on those goods when you get our prices. Our veracity has never been questioned. Do you doubt it? Let us prove it.

KNEFF & ALLEN, "Honest Dealers.

Grand Celebration
OF THE
135TH ANNIVERSARY

—OF—
ROBERT :: BURNS
LIGHT INFANTRY ARMORY
Friday Evening, Jan. 26,
At which time a programme of unusual excellence will be rendered.

GOV. GEO. W. PECK.
CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD,
and other celebrities will be present. Tickets, admitting gentleman and lady to entertainment and dance, $1.25. Extra lady 50c. Smith's orchestra. Entertainment commences at 7 p. m. sharp.

Sewing Machines
. .$30.00. .

For the next 10 days I will sell the WHITE SEWING MACHINE, the best machine in the market for . . . . . .

$30.00. Come Quick.

H. F. NOTT, West End Music Dealer

Pleasant Features

of THE GAZETTE in its new form are the departments especially for women. We don't like to speak in our own praise but some of these good points have been so generally relished that we want everybody to have a chance at them.

Subscribe For The Gazette.

Shepp's "World's Fair Photographed"

Jan 24, 1894.
(NOTE—Date Changed Every Day.)

Cut this Coupon and keep in until four of different days are accumulated, then forward them together with ten cents in silver or a similar amount in one or two-cent postage stamps and youwill receive the elegant portfolio of views as advertised.

Portfolios by mail two cents extra.

Can Catarrh Be Cured!

Can the Deaf be Made to Hear

Can the Blind be Made to See

These are Three Leading Questions that just now agitate the public mind and inspire the afflicted with hope. In answer to the first question

Dr. H. A. McChesney,

Says Emphatically Yes, the same as any other disease that is caused by impurities in the blood. The doctor treats this aggravating disease scientifically, and rarely ever fails to give permanent satisfaction. In answering the second question,

Can the Deaf Be Made to Hear ?

He says just as **Emphatically, Yes,** where the deafness results from catarrhal trouble, or any other, that does not destroy the drum of the ear. The docter claims that **90 per cent.** of all the deaf people are curable, and he fully substantiates this claim by the people that he is now treating at his office in the Wilcox Block. As to the third question

Can the Blind Be Made to See ?

He says **Yes, in many cases.** He claims that Cataract, Cross-Eyes and many other diseases of the Eye are readily cured, and that thousands of people who wear glasses could throw them away after proper treatment.

Doctor McChesney's office is thronged with patients every day, and he is meeting with wonderful success. He does not attempt impossibilities, but he does treat special diseases in his line scientifically, and his patients give him the strongest endorsement. The doctor is permanently located in Janesville, and the people are not slow to recognize his skill.

OFFICE IN WILCOX BLOCK--CONSULTATION AND EXAMINATION FREE!

THANKSGIVING DAY IN 1714.

How Deacons Compromised With Their Consciences and Ate Venison.

Among some old papers of a late state official of Connecticut there has been found a clipping giving the quaintest account of a colonial Thanksgiving 180 years ago. It was a very exciting Thanksgiving, and the Rochester Post and Express thinks it is little wonder that the parson of the parish "wrote it up" for the paper. Perhaps, too, part of the article was a necessary justification. First he describes the church service: "Ye governor was in ye house and her majesty's commissioners of ye customs and they sat together in a high seat of ye pulpit stairs. Ye governor appears very devout and attentive, although he favors Episcopacy and tolerates ye Quakers and Baptists. He was dressed in a black velvet coat, bordered with gold lace, and buff breeches with gold buckles at ye knees, and white silk stockings." Then comes the awful statement of a disturbance in the gallery which was filled with Indians and negroes. One of the latter was reprimanded "with great carefulness and solemnity," and "put in ye deacon's seat between two deacons in view of ye whole congregation," and then he was so bad, "giving grave scandal to ye grave deacons," by making up faces, that the sexton had to put him in the lobby! But the day's trials were not over.

After the long service Mr. Epes invited "ye council and other dignitaries" to his house to dinner, and it seems that they were going to feast, and not fast, for there was bear's meat and venison. But after the blessing had been "craved," and they were about to begin on the venison, word came that the deer had been shot "on ye Lord's day. Immediately the council refused to eat it, and it was decided that the Indian who had shot it and of whom Mr. Epes had bought it should receive thirty-nine stripes, and should restore to the host "ye cost of ye deer." Meanwhile that venison was very savory, and so sorely tempted the saintly council that all but one, "whose conscience was tender," decided that, since they had passed "a just and rightful sentence on ye sinful heathen" and a blessing had been craved on the meat, it would do them no harm to eat it! So they ate and made merry, and one wonders whether ye scandal of ye grave deacons made this public explanation necessary.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A DAILY BIT OF FUN.

"Blowing In His Tin."

—Life.

Well Earned Rest.

Lady (to polite laborer who has offered her his seat)—Oh, no! Keep your seat, my good man. You have been working hard all day.

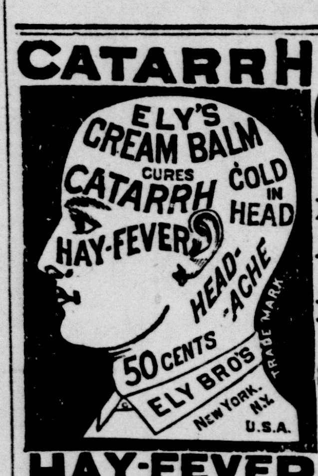
Polite Laborer (sympathetically)—Take it, ma'am. Thrue, Oi've bin carryin th' hod all th' day, but you've bin shoppin.—Puck.

Attention Tobacco Growers.

The Rock County Tobacco Growers Association have made ample arrangements at their several association warehouses to handle goods the present season for $1 per hundred. This includes first class work, sizing packages etc., and storage for one year. We have contracted for cases and will furnish patrons good seasoned cases at 65 and 70 cents. Our insurance rates are as low as the lowest. Our facilities for selling both domestic and export goods are as good as the leaf trade affords. We aim to give our patrons the best of satisfaction and believe in liberal advertisement. Your patronage is solicited.

SUPT

CATARRH



ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

HAY-FEVER TRY THE CURE.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St. New York.

The Complexion of a Chinese

Is not yellower than that of an unfortunate individual whose liver complaint has assumed the chronic form. The eyeballs of the sufferer assume a saffron hue, there is dull pain in the region of the organ offected, the tongue is coated, breath sour, sick headaches usually but not always occur, and there is sometimes dizziness on arising from a sitting posture. Constipation and dyspepsia are also attendants of this very common ailment, always in its aggravated form, liable to breed abscesses of the liver, which are very dangerous. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters wholly eradicates it, as well as the troubles complicated with it and which it originates. In chills and fever, a complaint which always yields to the Bitters, the liver is seriously involved. This fine alternate tonic removes costiveness and indigestion, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble and debility.

YOUR attention is called to a card from J. W. Weisend proprietor of the Boston Clothing House.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

Intelligent Readers will notice that

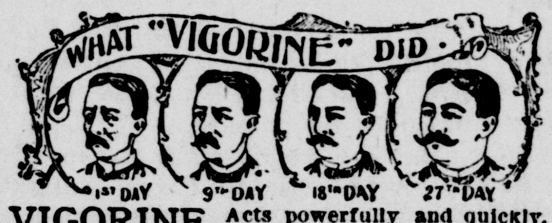
Tutt's Pills

are not *"warranted to cure"* all classes of diseases, but only such as result from a disordered liver, viz:

Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious Colic, Flatulence, etc.

For these they are not warranted *infallible*, but are as nearly so as it is possible to make a remedy. Price, 25cts.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.



VIGORINE Acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using "VIGORINE." Absolutely Guaranteed to cure Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, *and all effects of self abuse or excesses and indiscretion.* Wards off insanity and consumption. Don't let druggists impose a worthless substitute on you, because it yields a greater profit. Insist on having VIGORINE, or send for it. Can be carried in vest pocket. Prepaid, plain wrapper, $1.00 per package, or six packages, $5.00, with A Positive Written Guarantee to Cure or Refund the Money. Circular free. Sold by all local druggists. Address PEFFER MEDICAL ASS'N, Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Prentice & Evenson.

MAGNETIC NERVINE.

Is sold with written guarantee to cure **Nervous Prostration, Fits, Dizziness,** Headache and Neuralgia and Wakefulness, caused by excessive use of Opium, Tobacco and Alcohol; Mental Depression, **Softening** of the **Brain,** causing **Misery, Insanity** and **Death;** Barreness, Impotency, **Lost Power** in either sex, **Premature Old Age,** Involuntary Losses, caused by over-indulgence, over-exertion of the Brain and **Errors of Youth.** It gives to Weak Organs their Natural Vigor and doubles the joys of life; cures Lucorrhœa and Female Weakness. A month's treatment, in plain package, by mail, to any address, $1 per box, 6 boxes $5. With every $5 order we give a **Written Guarantee** to cure or refund the money. Circulars free. Guarantee issued only by our exclusive agent.

Smith's Pharmacy, Janesville.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

DR. GEO. H. McCAUSEY,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office in Tallman's Block, Opp. First Nat'l Bank, W. Milwaukee St.,
Janesville, - Wisconsin.

A. J. BAKER,
FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE,
REAL ESTATE,
And Money to Loan
ROOM 5, SMITH'S BLOCK, Janesville, Wis.

Dr. Theo. Yuengst,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Franklin St. Rear Stearns & Baker.
TREATS ALL CLASSES of DISEASES.
OFFICE HOURS—10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m., 7 to 8 p. m.

COLD IN THE HEAD
CURE DR. RAY'S WAFERS CURE
IN 8 HOURS

Sold by all druggists.

Four Coupons
and
Ten cents for
Shepp's World's Fair
Photographed.

LADIES DO YOU KNOW
DR. FELIX LE BRUN'S
STEEL AND PENNYROYAL PILLS
are the original and only FRENCH, safe and reliable cure on the market. Price $1.00; sent by mail. Genuine sold only by

LE BRUN'S G & G CURE

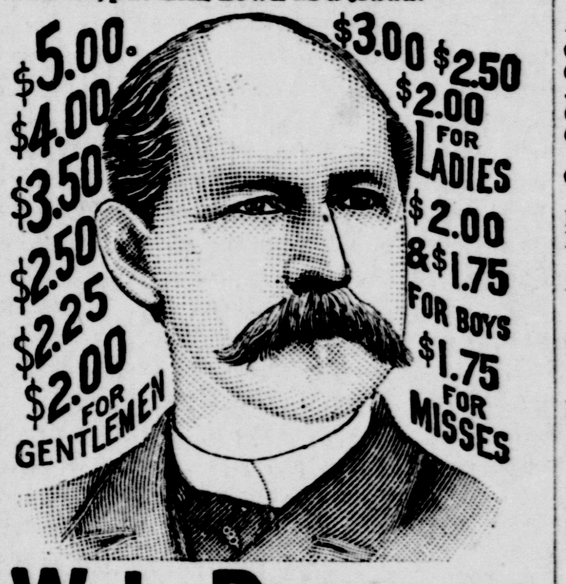
FOR EITHER SEX. This remedy being injected directly to the seat of those diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs, requires no change of diet or nauseous, mercurial or poisonous medicines to be taken internally. When used

AS A PREVENTIVE

by either sex it is impossible to contract any venereal disease; but in the case of those already UNFORTUNATELY AFFLICTED with Gonorrhœa and Gleet, we guarantee a cure. Price by mail, postage paid, $1 per box, or 6 boxes for $5.

Prentice & Evenson, sole agents. Janesville, Wis.

CAUTION.—If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas Shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without name stamped on bottom, put him down as a fraud.



W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

W. L. DOUGLAS Shoes are stylish, easy fitting, and give better satisfaction at the prices advertised than any other make. Try one pair and be convinced. The stamping of W. L. Douglas' name and price on the bottom, which guarantees their value, saves thousands of dollars annually to those who wear them. Dealers who push the sale of W. L. Douglas Shoes gain customers, which helps to increase the sales on their full line of goods. They can afford to sell at a less profit, and we believe you can save money by buying all your footwear of the dealer advertised below.

Catalogue free upon application. Address, W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

BROWN BROS.

G. A. R. NOTICE

We take this opportunity of informing our subscribers that the new Commissioner of Pensions has been appointed. He is an old soldier, and we believe that soldiers and their heirs will receive justice at his hands. We do not anticipate that there will be any radical changes in the administration of pension affasrs under the new regime.

We would advise, however, that U S. soldiers, sailers, and their heirs, take steps to make application at once, if they have not already done so, in order to secure the benefit of the early filling af their claims in case there should be any future pension legislation. Such legislation is seldom retrospecive. Therefore it is of great import that applications be filed in the department at the earliest possible time.

If U. S. Soldiers, or their widowed children, or parents desire informotion in regard to pension matters, that should write to the Press Claims Company at Washington, D. C., and they will prepare and send the necessary application, if they find them entitled under the numerous laws enacted for their benefit. Address;

Press Claims Company,
JOHN WEDDERBURN,
Washington, D. C. Managing Attorney
P. O. Box, 385.

Railroad Time-Tables.

Chicago & Northwestern	LEAVE FOR	ARRIVE FROM.
Chicago, Clinton	6:35 a m	9:25 p m
Chicago, Clinton, Sharon*	6:35 p m	1:15 a m
Chicago, Clinton, Sharon	8:00 a m	8:20 p m
Chicago, Clinton, Sharon	12:40 p m	12:40 p m
Chicago, Elgin, Clinton, Beloit		12:18 p m
Chicago, Beloit, Rockford, Omaha	2:10 p m	2:15 p m
Beloit, Caledonia, Rockford	7:00 a m	
Beloit, Rockford, DeKalb Omaha	12:20 p m	9:12 p m 7:45 p m
Evansville, Madison, La Crosse, Winona St. Paul and Minneapolis	11:05 a m 1:20 a m	.... 6:30 p m
Evansville, Madison, St Pa'l* & Duluth,	9:30 p m	6:30 a m
Beloit,	7:00 a m 6:35 p m	10:10 p m 9:05 a m
Watertown, Jefferson	8:25 p m	7:55 a m
Watertown, Green Bay, Milwaukee, Waukesha	12:45 p m	12:15 p m
Watertown, Fond du Lac	6:40 a m	10:45 p m
Madison, La Crosse	....	3 05 p m
Beloit, Chicago†	2:15 p m	†1:05 p m
Madison, Elroy, Evansville	....	....

*Daily. †Sunday only.
All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Chicago, Mil, & St. Paul,	Leave For	Arrive From
Milwaukee, Whitewater Waukesha and Chicago	7:15 a m 9:55 a m 4:45 p m	9:30 a m 5:25 p m 8:10 p m
St. Paul, LaCrosse, Portage, Madison	10:00 a m	9:17 a m
St. Paul, La Crosse, Portage, Madison	4:20 p m	11:00 a m 8:10 p m
Dakota, Iowa, Minnesota, Prairie du Chien	4:20 p m	11:00 a m
Whitewater, Edgerton and Madison, mixed	4:20 p m	7:40 p m
Chicago, Elgin, Rockford, Freeport, Beloit and Elkhorn, Racine	9:35 a m	4:20 p m 9:20 a m
Chicago, Elgin, Rockford Beloit, Rock Island, Cedar Rapids, Dubuque, Clinton, Ia., Omaha and west	1:16 p m 6:20 p m	9:20 a m 4:20 p m 6:55 p m
Beloit, Rockford, Savanna, Sioux City, Omaha, Denver and west fast train	1:10 p m 6:20 p m	9:20 a m 4:20 p m 6:55 p m
Beloit and Rockford, (mixed)	9:20 p m	
Monroe and Mineral Point	9:30 a m 7:05 p m	4:20 p m 9:25 a m
Monroe and Mineral Point (mixed)	5:00 a m 7:15 a m	4:35 p m ....
Monroe and Mineral Point (Sunday only)	9:40 a m	7:45 p m

Sunday excepted on all trains

MAILS ARRIVE AND CLOSE.

JANESVILLE MAILS.	Arrive	Close.
Chicago, East, West, Southwest	6 00 a m	9:00 a m
North and Northwest	7:35 a m	10:00 a m
Chicago, East, North and Northwest	9:40 a m	12:00 m
Chicago, North, East, West and General	12:40 p m	6:00 p m
Chicago, East and all points	6 00 p m	8:00 p m
North and West, via. Madison	6:30 p m 11 30 a m	8:00 p m
SUNDAY MAILS.		
Chicago, East, South and Southwest	6:00 a m	6:00 p m
North, Northwest, Etc	6:30 p m	7:00 p m
MONDAY ONLY.		
Chicago, East, West and South		7:00 a m
STAGE MAILS:		
Johnstown and Richmond	11:00 a m	2:00 p m
Emerald Grove and Fairfield	11:00 a m	2:00 p m

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THE JANESVILLE GAZETTE.

THE OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

Entered at the postoffice at Janesville, Wisconsin, as second class matter.

Terms of Subscription.

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Special Advertising Rates.

We charge full rates for cards of thanks, obituary poems, financial statements of insurance companies and all other classes of items not considered news.

We publish free marriages, deaths and obituary notices, without poetry; also notices of church and society meetings.

We publish at half rates notices of church and society entertainment given for revenue.

THIS DAY IN HISTORY.

41—Caligula, the Roman emperor, assassinated; born 12 A. D.

1637—Charles, earl of Dorset, poet and patron of literature, born; died 1706.

1712—Frederick the Great born in Berlin; died at Sans Souci 1786.

1733—Benjamin Lincoln, the American revolutionary general, born in Hingham, Mass.; died there 1810.

1820—Henry Jarvis Raymond, editor of New York Times, congressman and biographer of Lincoln, born in Lima, N. Y.; died 1869.

1870—The United States warship Oneida run down off Yokohama by the British steamer Bombay; 20 officers and 150 of the crew lost.

1875—Rev. Charles Kingsley, canon of Westminster, also celebrated as a poet and novelist, died in London; born 1819.

1883—Frederick Ferdinand Flotow, composer of "Martha" and several popular operas, died; born 1811.

1885—Mysterious dynamite explosions in the houses of parliament and the Tower of London; several persons injured.

1893—Justice Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar of the United States supreme court died at Macon; born in Georgia 1825. Fire-damp exploded at Dux Bohemia and killed 132 miners.

TALMAGE ON "GOD'S BARE ARM."

Present Religious Revival Discussed by the Eminent Brooklyn Divine.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 21, 1894.—Singularly appropriate and impressive was the old gospel hymn as it was sung this morning by the thousands of Brooklyn tabernacle led on by cornet and organ:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake.

Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject, "The Bare Arm of God," the text being Isaiah 52 : x, "The Lord hath made bare His holy arm."

It almost takes our breath away to read some of the bible imagery. There is such boldness of metaphor in my text that I have been for some time getting my courage up to preach from it. Isaiah, the evangelistic prophet, is sounding the Jubilate of our planet redeemed, and cries out, "The Lord hath made bare his holy arm." What overwhelming suggestiveness in that figure of speech, "The bare arm of God!" The people of Palestine to this day wear much hindering apparel, and when they want to run a special race, or lift a special burden, or fight a special battle, they put off the outside apparel, as in our land, when a man proposes a special exertion, he puts off his coat and rolls up his sleeves. Walk through our foundries, our machine shops, our mines, our factories, and you will find that most of the toilers have their coats off and their sleeves rolled up.

Isaiah saw that there must be a tremendous amount of work done before this world becomes what it ought to be, and he foresees it all accomplished, and accomplished by the Almighty; not as we ordinarily think of him, but by the Almighty with the sleeve of his robe rolled back to his shoulder: "The Lord hath made bare His holy arm."

Nothing more impresses me in the bible than the ease with which God does most things. There is such a reserve of power. He has more thunderbolts than he has ever flung; more light than he has ever distributed; more blue than that with which he has over-arched the sky; more green than that with which he has emeralded the grass; more crimson than that with which he has burnished the sunsets. I say it with reverence: from all I can see, God has never half tried.

You know as well as I do that many of the most elaborate and expensive industries of our world have been employed in creating artificial light. Half of the time the world is dark. The moon and the stars have their glorious uses, but as instruments of illumination they are failures. They will not allow you to read a book, or stop the ruffianism of your great cities. Had not the darkness been persistently fought back by artificial means, the most of the world's enterprises would have halted half the time, while the crime of our great municipalities would for half the time run rampant and unrebuked. Hence, all the inventions for creating artificial light, from the flint struck against steel in centuries past, to the dynamo of our electrical manufactories. What uncounted numbers of people at work the year round in making chandeliers, and lamps, and fixtures, and wires, and batteries where light shall be made, or along which light shall run, or where light shall poise! How many bare arms of human toil—and some of those bare arms are very tired—in the creation of light and its apparatus; and after all the work, the greater part of the continents and hemispheres at night have no light at all, except perhaps the fire-flies flashing their small lanterns across the swamp.

But see how easy God made the light. He did not make bare his arm; he did not even put forth his robed arm; he did not lift so much as a finger. The flint out of which he struck the noonday sun was the word. "Light." "Let there be light!" Adam did not see the sun until the fourth day, for, though the sun was created on the first day, it took its rays from the first to the fourth day to work through the dense mass of fluids by which this earth was compassed. Did you ever hear of anything so easy as that? So unique? Out of a word came the blazing sun, the father of flowers and warmth, and light? Out of a word building a fireplace for all the nations of the earth to warm themselves by! Yea, seven other worlds, five of them inconceivably larger than our own, and seventy-nine asteroids, or worlds on a smaller scale! The warmth and light for this great brotherhood, great sisterhood, great family of worlds, eighty-seven larger or smaller worlds, all from that one magnificent fireplace made out of the one word—"Light." The sun 886,000 miles in diameter. I do not know how much grander a solar system God could have created if he had put forth his robed arm, to say nothing of an arm made bare! But this I know: that our noonday sun was a spark struck from the anvil of one word, and that word—"Light."

"But," says some one, "do you not think that in making the machinery of the universe, of which our solar system is comparatively a small wheel working into mightier wheels, it must have cost God some exertion? The upheaval of an arm, either robed, or an arm made bare?" No; we are distinctly told otherwise. The machinery of a universe God made simply with his fingers. David, inspired in a night song, says so: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers."

A Scottish clergyman told me a few weeks ago of dyspeptic Thomas Carlyle walking out with a friend one starry night, and as the friend looked up and said, "What a splendid sky!" Mr. Carlyle replied, as he glanced upward, "Sad sight, sad sight!" Not so thought David as he read the great scripture of the night heavens. It was a sweep of embroidery, of vast tapestry. God manipulated. That is the allusion of the Psalmist to the woven hangings of tapestry, as they were known long before David's time. Far back in the ages what enchantment of thread and color, the Florentine velvets of silk, and gold and Persian carpets woven of goat's hair! If you have been in the Gobelin manufactory of tapestry in Paris—alas! now no more—you witnessed wondrous things, as you saw the wooden needle or broach, going back and forth and in and out; you were transfixed with admiration at the patterns wrought. No wonder that Louis XIV bought it and it became the possession of the throne; and for a long while none but thrones and palaces might have any of its work! What triumphs of loom! What victory of skilled fingers! So David says of the heavens, that God's fingers wove into them the light; that God's fingers tapestried them with stars; that God's fingers embroidered them with worlds. How much of the immensity of the heavens David understood I know not. Astronomy was born in China twenty-eight hundred years before Christ was born. During the reign of Hoang-Ti astronomers were put to death if they made wrong calculations about the heavens. Job understood the refraction of the sun's rays, and said they were "turned as the clay to the seal." The pyramids were astronomical observatories, and they were so long ago built that Isaiah refers to one of them in his nineteenth chapter, and calls it the "Pillar at the border." The first of all the sciences born was astronomy. Whether from knowledge already abroad or from direct inspiration, it seems to me David had wide knowledge of the heavens. Whether he understood the full force of what he wrote, I know not; but the God who inspired him knew, and he would not let David write anything but truth; and therefore all the worlds that the telescope ever reached, or Copernicus, or Galileo, or Kepler, or Newton, or Laplace, or Herschel, or our own Mitchell ever saw were as easily made that they were made with the fingers. As easily as with your fingers you mold the wax, or the clay, or the dough to particular shapes, so he decided the shape of our world, and that it should weigh six sextillion tons, and appointed for all worlds their orbits and decided their color—the white to Sirius; the ruddy to Aldebaran; the yellow to Pollux; the blue to Altair; marrying some of the stars, as the 2,400 double stars that Herschel observed; administering to the whims of the variable stars as their glance becomes brighter or dim, preparing what astronomers called, "The Girdle of Andromeda," and the nebula in the sword-handle of Orion. Worlds on worlds! Worlds under worlds! Worlds above worlds! Worlds beyond worlds! So many that arithmetics are of no use in the calculation! But he counted them as he made them, and he made them with his fingers! Reservation of power! Suppression of omnipotence! Resources as yet untouched! Almightiness yet undemonstrated! Now I ask, for the benefit of all disheartened Christian workers, if God accomplished so much with his fingers, what can he do when he puts out all his strength? and when he unlimbers all the batteries of his Omnipotence? The bible speaks again and again of God's outstretched arm, but only once, and that in the text, of the bare arm of God.

My text makes it plain that the rectification of this world is a stupendous undertaking. It takes more power to make this world over again than it took to make it at first. A word was only necessary for the first creation, but for the new creation the unsleeved and unhindered forearm of the Almighty! The reason of that I can understand. In the ship yards of Liverpool, or Glasgow, or New York a great vessel is constructed. The architect draws out the plan, the length of the beam, the capacity of tonnage, the rotation of wheel or screw, the cabins, the masts and all the appointments of this great palace of the deep. The architect finishes his work without any perplexity, and the carpenters and the artisans toil on the craft so many hours a day, each one doing his part, until with flags flying, and thousands of people huzzaing on the docks, the vessel is launched. But out on the sea that steamer breaks her shaft, and is limping slowly along toward harbor, when Caribbean whirlwinds, those mighty hunters of the deep, looking out for prey of ships, surround that wounded vessel and pitch it on a rocky coast, and she lifts and falls in the breakers until every joint is loose, and every spar is down, and every wave sweeps over the hurricane deck as she parts midships. Would it not require more skill and power to get that splintered vessel off the rocks and reconstruct it than it required originally to build her? Aye! Our world that God built so beautiful, and which started out with all the flags of Edenic foliage and with the chant of paradisiacal bowers, has been sixty centuries pounding in the Skerries of sin and sorrow, and to get her out, and to get her off, and to get her on the right way again, will require more of Omnipotence than it required to build her and launch her. So I am not surprised that though in the dry dock of one word our world was made, it will take the unsleeved arm of God to lift her from the rocks and put her on the right course again. It is evident from my text, and its comparison with other texts, that it would not be so great an undertaking to make a whole constellation of worlds, and a whole galaxy of worlds, and a whole astronomy of worlds, and swing them in their right orbits, as to take this wounded world, this stranded world, this bankrupt world, this destroyed world, and make it as good as when it started.

Now, just look at the enthroned difficulties in the way, the removal of which, the overthrow of which, seem to require the bare right arm of Omnipotence. There stands heathenism, with its 860,000,000 victims. I do not care whether you call them Brahmins, or Buddhists, Confucians or Fetish idolaters. At the World's Fair in Chicago last summer those monstrosities of religion tried to make themselves respectable, but the long hair and baggy trousers and trinketed robes of their representatives can not hide from the world the fact that those religions are the authors of funeral pyre, and Juggernaut crushing, and Ganges infanticide, and Chinese shoe torture, and the aggregated massacres of many centuries. They have their heels on India, on China, on Persia, on Borneo, on three-fourths of the acreage of our poor old world. I know that the missionaries, who are the most sacrificing and Christ-like men and women on earth, are making steady and glorious inroads upon these built-up abominations of the centuries. All this stuff that you see in some of the newspapers about the missionaries as living in luxury and idleness is promulgated by corrupt American or English or Scotch merchants, whose loose behavior in heathen cities has been rebuked by the missionaries, and these corrupt merchants write home or tell innocent and unsuspecting visitors in India or China or the darkened islands of the sea, these falsehoods about our consecrated missionaries who, turning their backs on home and civilization and emolument and comfort, spend their lives in trying to introduce the mercy of the Gospel among the down-trodden of heathenism. Some of those merchants leave their families in America or England or Scotland, and stay for a few years in the ports of heathenism while they are making their fortunes in the tea or rice or opium trade, and while they are thus absent from home, give themselves to orgies of dissoluteness, such as no pen or tongue could, without the abolition of all decency, attempt to report. The presence of the missionaries with their pure and noble households in those heathen ports, is a constant rebuke to such debauchees and miscreants. If Satan should visit heaven, from which he was once roughly, but justly, expatriated, and he should write home to the realms pandemoniac, his correspondence published in Diabolos Gazette, or Apollyonic News, about what he had seen, he would report the Temple of God and the Lamb as a broken-down church, and the house of many mansions as a disreputable place, and the cherubim as suspicious of morals. Sin never did like holiness, and you had better not depend upon satanic report of the sublime and multipotent work of our missionaries in foreign lands. But notwithstanding all that these men and women of God have achieved, they feel, and we all feel that if the idolatrous lands are to be Christianized, there needs to be a power from the heavens that has not yet condescended, and we feel like crying out in the words of Charles Wesley:

Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake!

Aye, it is not only the Lord's arm that is needed, the holy arm, the outstretched arm, but the bare arm!

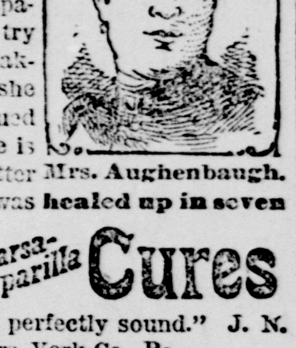
There, too, stands Mohammedanism with its 176,000,000 victims. Its bible is the Koran, a book not quite as large as our new testament, which was revealed to Mohammed when in epileptic fits, and resuscitated from these fits, he dictated it to scribes. Yet it is read to-day by more people than any other book ever written. Mohammed, the founder of that religion, a polygamist, with superfluity of wives, the first step of his religion on the body, mind and soul of woman, and no wonder that the heaven of the Koran is an everlasting Sodom, an infinite seraglio, about which Mohammed promises that each follower shall have in that place seventy-two wives, in addition to all the wives he had on earth, but that no old woman shall ever enter heaven. When a bishop of England recently proposed that the best way of saving Mohammedans was to let them keep their religion, but engraft upon it some new principles from Christianity, he perpetrated an ecclesiastical joke, at which no man can laugh who has ever seen the tyranny and domestic wretchedness which always appear where that religion gets foothold. It has marched across continents, and now proposes to set up its filthy and accursed banner in America, and what it has done for Turkey it would like to do for our nation. A religion that brutally treats womanhood ought never to be fostered in our country. But there never was a religion so absurd or wicked that it did not get disciples, and there are enough fools in America to make a large discipleship of Mohammedanism. This corrupt religion has been making steady progress for hundreds of years, and notwithstanding all the splendid work done by the Jessups, and the Goodells, and the Blisses and the Van Dykes and the Posts and the Misses Bowen and the Misses Thompson, and scores of other men and women of whom the world was not worthy, there it stands, the giant of sin, Mohammedanism, with one foot on the heart of woman and the other on the heart of Christ, while it mumbles from its minarets this stupendous blasphemy: "God is great, and Mohammed is his prophet." Let the Christian printing presses at Beyrout and Constantinople keep on with their work, and the men and women of God in the mission fields toil until the Lord crowns them, but what we are all hoping for is something supernatural from the heavens, as yet unseen, something stretched down out of the skies, something like an arm uncovered, the bare arm of the God of Nations!

There stands also the Arch Demon of alcoholism. Its throne is white, and made of bleached human skulls. On one side of that throne of skulls kneels in obeisance and worship, Democracy, and on the other side Republicanism, and the one that kisses the cancerous and gangrened foot of this despot the oftenest gets the most benedictions. There is a Hudson river, an Ohio, a Mississippi of strong drink rolling through this nation, but as the rivers from which I take my figure of speech empty into the Atlantic or the Gulf, this mightier flood of sickness, and insanity, and domestic ruin, and crime, and bankruptcy, and woe, empties into the hearts, and the homes, and the churches, and the time and the eternity of a multitude beyond all statistics to number or describe. All nations are mauled and scarified with baleful stimulus or killing narcotic. The pulque of Mexico, the cashew of Brazil, the hasheesh of Persia, the opium of China, the guavo of Honduras, the wedro of Russia, the soma of India, the aguardiente of Morocco, the arak of Arabia, the mastic of Syria, the raki of Turkey, the beer of Germany, the whisky of Scotland, the ale of England, the all-drinks of America are doing their best to stupefy, inflame, dement, impoverish, brutalize and slay the human race. Human power unless reinforced from the heavens can never extirpate the evils I mention.

Much good has been accomplished by the heroism and fidelity of Christian reformers, but the fact remains that there are more splendid men and magnificent women this moment going over the Niagara abysm of inebriety than at any time since the first grape was turned into wine and the first head of rye began to soak in a brewery. When people touch this subject they are apt to give statistics as to how many millions are in drunkards' graves, or with quick tread marching on toward them. The land is full of talk of high tariff and low tariff, but what about the highest of all tariffs in this country, the tariff of $900,000,000 which rum put upon the United States in 1891, for that is what it cost us. You do not tremble or turn pale when I say that. The fact is we have become hardened by statistics and they make little impression. But if some one could gather into one mighty lake all the tears that have been wrung out of orphanage and widowhood; or into one organ diapason all the groans that have been uttered by the suffering victims of this holacaust; or into one whirlwind all the sighs of centuries of dissipation; or from the wicket of one immense prison have look upon us the glaring eyes of all those whom strong drink has endungeoned, we might perhaps realize the appalling desolation. But, no, no, the sight would forever blast our vision; the sound would forever stun our souls. Go on with your temperance literature; go on with your temperance platforms; go on with your temperance laws. But we are all hoping for something from above, and while the bare arm of suffering, and the bare arm of invalidism, and the bare arm of poverty, and the bare arm of domestic desolation, from which rum hath torn the sleeve, are lifted up in beggary and supplication and despair, let the bare arm of God strike the breweries, and the liquor stores, and the corrupt politics, and the license laws, and the whole inferno of grog-shops all around the world. Down, thou accursed bottle, from the throne! Into the dust, thou king of the demijohn! Parched be thy lips, thou wine cup, with fires that shall never be quenched!

But I have no time to specify the manifold evils that challenge Christianity. And I think I have seen in some Christians, and read in some newspapers, and heard from some pulpits, a disheartment, as though Christianity were so worsted that it is hardly worth while to attempt to win this world for God, and that all Christian work would collapse, and that it is no use for you to teach a Sabbath class or distribute tracts, or exhort in prayer meetings, or preach in a pulpit, as Satan is gaining ground. To rebuke that pessimism, the gospel of smashup, I preach this sermon, showing that you are on the winning side. Go ahead! Fight on! What I want to make out to-day is that our ammunition is not exhausted; that all which has been accomplished has been only the skirmishing before the great Armageddon; that not more than one of the thousand fountains of beauty in the king's park has begun to play; that not more than one brigade of the innumerable hosts is to be marshaled by the rider on the white horse has yet taken the field; that what God has done yet has been with arm folded in flowing robe; but that the time is coming when he will rise from his throne, and throw off that robe, and come out of the palaces of eternity, and come down the stairs of heaven with all conquering step, and halt in the presence of expectant nations, and flashing his omniscient eyes across the work to be done, will put back the sleeve of his right arm to the shoulder, and roll it up there, and for the world's final and complete rescue make bare his arm. Who can doubt the result when according to my text Jehovah does his best: when the last reserve force of Omnipotence takes the field: when the last sword of eternal might leaps from its scabbard? Do you know what decided the battle of Sedan? The hills a thousand feet high. Eleven hundred cannon on the hills. Artillery on the heights of Givonne, and twelve German batteries on the heights of La Moncello. The crown prince of Saxony watched the scene from the heights of Mairy. Between a quarter to six o'clock in the morning and one o'clock in the afternoon of Sept. 2d, 1876, the hills dropped the shells that shattered the French host in the valley. The French emperor and the 86,000 of his army captured by the hills. So in this conflict now raging between holiness and sin "our eyes are unto the hills." Down here in the valleys of earth we must be valiant soldiers of the cross, but the commander of our host walks the heights, and views the scene far better than we can in the valleys, and at the right day and the right hour all heaven will open its batteries on our side, and the commander of the hosts of unrighteousness with all his followers will surrender, and it will take eternity to fully celebrate the universal victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. "Our eyes are unto the hills." It is so certain to be accomplished that Isaiah in my text looks down through the field-glass of prophecy, and speaks of it as already accomplished, and I take my stand where the prophet took his stand, and look at it as all done. "Hallelujah, 'tis done." See! Those cities without a tear! Look! Those continents without a pang! Behold! Those hemispheres without a sin! Why, those deserts, Arabian desert, American desert, and Great Sahara desert, are all irrigated into gardens where God walks in the cool of the day. The atmosphere that encircles our globe floating not one groan. All the rivers and lakes and oceans dimpled with not one falling tear. The climates of the earth have dropped out of them the rigors of the cold and the blasts of the heat, and it is universal spring! Let us change the old world's name. Let it no more be called the earth, as when it was reeking with everything pestiferous and malevolent, scarleted with battlefields and gashed with graves, but now so changed, so aromatic with gardens, and so resonant with song, and so rubescent with beauty, let us call it Immanuel's land, or Beulah, or Millennial Gardens, or Paradise regained, or Heaven! And to God the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory forever. Amen

Blood Poisoning



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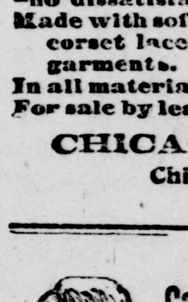

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LEGAL NOTICES.

STATE OF WISCONSIN—CIRCUIT COURT. ROCK COUNTY. Annie J. L. Copley, plaintiff; vs. Harriett Crandall, Ann Davidson, W. G. Crandall, W. H. Brown, A. S. Phillips, John Spencer and The Edgerton Creamery Company, defendants.

The state of Wisconsin to the said defendants:

You are hereby summoned to appear within twenty days after the service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, and defend the above entitled action in the court aforesaid: and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint; of which a copy is herewith served upon you.

DUNWIDDIE, GOLDIN & WHEELER,
Plaintiff's attorneys.
P. O. Address, Janesville, Rock county, Wis.
dec19d7w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—STATE OF WISCONSIN COUNTY COURT FOR ROCK COUNTY—In probate.

Notice is hereby given that at the special June term of the county court to be held in and for said county at the courthouse, in the city of Janesville, in said county, on the third Tuesday of June A. D. 1894, being June 19th 1894, at 9 o'clock a. m., the following matters will be heard, considered and adjusted.

All claims against Catherine A. Smith late of the city of Janesville, in said county, deceased.

All such claims must be presented for allowance to said court, at the court house, in the city of Janesville, in said county, on or before the 16th day of June, A. D. 1894, or be barred.—Dated Dec. 16, 1893. By the Court:

JOHN W. SALE,
County Judge

STATE OF WISCONSIN—COUNTY COURT, FOR ROCK COUNTY—In Probate.

Notice is hereby given that at a regular term of the county court to be held in and for said county at the court house, in the city of Janesville, in said county, on the first Tuesday, being the 6th day of February 1894, at 9 o'clock a. m., the following matter will be heard and considered: the application of Mary Courtney for the appointment of an administrix of the estate of John Courtney late of the city of Janesville in said county, deceased.

Dated January 4, 1894.

By the Court,
JOHN W. SALE,
d3wjan4 County Judge.

STATE OF WISCONSIN—County Court for Rock county.

In the matter of the estate of John Scofield, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of James Hadden, Jr., administrator de bonis non with the will annexed of the estate of John Scofield deceased, representing among other things that the said deceased died seized of certain real estate therein described and that it is necessary to sell the same to pay legacies under the will of said deceased, and praying for license to sell the same, and it appearing to the court that it is necessary to sell said real estate for that purpose, and it is ordered that said petition be heard at a special term of said county court, to be held at the court house on the 20th day of February, 1894, at 10 o'clock a. m.; and it is further ordered that this order be published at least three successive weeks before said day fixed for the hearing of said petition, in the Janesville Gazette, a daily newspaper published at the city of Janesville, in said county, and that a copy thereof be served personally on Almira S Briggs, and all persons interested in said estate and residing in this county at least twenty days before such day.

By the Court,
J. W. SALE,
County Judge.
FETHERS, JEFFRIS & FIFIELD,
Attys. for Petitioner.
Dated this 12th day of Jan. 1894.
d1ew3w

PARTITION SALE—STATE OF WISCONSIN, CIRCUIT COURT FOR ROCK COUNTY.

Frances H. Robinson, Harriet A Murphy and Kate Peters, plaintiffs: vs. Rebecca Ward, Maud C. Ward, Grace B. Ward, and Rebecca Ward, as guardian of Maud C. Ward and Grace B. Ward defendants.

By virtue of and pursuant to an order of the Circuit Court for Rock county, duly made in the above entitled action and entered and bearing date the 13th day of December, 1893, the undersigned referee in partition, will offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, at the front door of the postoffice in the city of Janesville, Rock county, Wisconsin, on Monday, the 5th day of March, 1894, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, all those certain lots or tracts of land situate, lying and being in the city of Janesville, Rock county, Wisconsin, and known and described as follows, to wit:

The east one half of lot twenty-seven (27) of Peases's addition to the city of Janesville, and lots one hundred twenty-two (122), one hundred twenty-three (123) and one hundred twenty-four (124) of Pease's second addition to the city of Janesville, Rock county, Wisconsin.

J. L. BEAR, Referee.
FETHERS, JEFFRIS & FIFIELD,
Plaintiffs' Attorneys.
Dated January 13, 1894.
d7w13

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—STATE OF WISCONSIN, COUNTY COURT FOR ROCK COUNTY—In probate

Notice is hereby given that at the regular September term of the county court to be held in and for said county at the court house, in the city of Janesville, in said county, on the first Tuesday, of September, A. D. 1894, being September 4th, 1894, at 9 o'clock a. m., the following matters will be heard, considered and adjusted:

All claims against Christian Louis Wulff, late of the city of Janesville, in said county, deceased.

All such claims must be presented for allowance to said court, at the court house, in the city of Janesville, in said county, on or before the 16th day of July, A D. 1894, or be barred.—Dated, Janesville, Jan. 16, 1893.

By the Court:
19d4w JOHN W. SALE, County Judge.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—STATE OF WISCONSIN—County Court for Rock County In probate.

Notice is hereby given that at a regular term of the county court to be held in and for said county, at the court house, in the city of Janesville, in said county, on the first Tuesday September of A. D. 1894 being September 4, 1894, at 9 o'clock a. m., the following matters will be heard, considered and adjusted:

All claims against John R. Ryan, late of the city of Janesville, in said county, deceased.

All such claims must be presented for allowance to said court, at the court house, in the city of Janesville, in said county, on or before the 10th day of July, A. D., 1894, or be barred—Dated, Jan. 10, 1894 By the Court,
10jan4 J. W. SALE, County Judge.

RIPANS TABULES

REGULATE THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS AND PURIFY THE BLOOD

RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Bad Complexion, Dysentery, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tabules contain nothing injurious to the most delicate constitution. Are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief.

May be obtained by application to nearest druggist.

Subscribe for the GAZETTE,

A DIVIDEND PAYER!

The Gold Dollar Mining Company,

OF CRIPPLE CREEK, COLORADO.

Organized under Laws of Colorado. Capital Stock 700,000 shares, par value one dollar, each.

FULL PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE
150,000 Shares in Treasury.

The mine is located in the richest portion of the celebrated gold producing district of Cripple Creek and is held under a United States patent.

Work is carried on day and night, and high grade ore is being taken out in large quantities.

In January 1894 the Company will begin paying regular monthly dividends at the rate of

24% per annum on the amount invested.

H. H. OFFICER, Sec. and Treas.

A limited amount of the shares are now offered

AT 50 CENTS PER SHARE

Stock. Prospectus and experts' report may be obtained from the banking house of

H. R. LOUNSBERY,
57 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

BOTH SIDES FINISHED IN THE STONE CASE.

TOMORROW MORNING THE ARGUMENTS WILL BEGIN.

Testimony in the State's Rebuttal Covering the Mental Condition of Mrs. Stone was Finished at Noon and a Recess was Then Taken Until To-morrow Morning—New Points.

Testimony in the Stone case was finished this noon, and at 9:30 to-morrow morning the eloquence of lawyers will reverberate through the court room. When S. Morgan stepped out of the box at 11:45, both sides announced their case ended, and Judge Bennett excused all witnesses.

There was more or less surprise when the defense in the Ashton case rested without putting the defendant on the stand. It is explained that the testimony Ashton gave at the time of the coroner's inquest and which had been read in this trial, sufficiently explained his connection with the case at all points, and that there was no need of calling him to the stand. It had been surmised, however, that the defendant would give his story concerning the proposal to settle with District Attorney Wheeler and the payment of money to Spangler.

The testimony this morning was the state's rebuttal on the question of Mrs. Stone's mental condition, but incidentally a good many other points were brought out.

Mrs. Carrie Hopkins, wife of Douglas Hopkins, who lived near the Stone homestead, knew Mrs. Stone for years and the last time the witness called on her was a few days before her death. Mrs. Stone showed how much work she had done that day, and apparently felt proud of doing so much in so short a time. Mrs. Stone came to town with Mrs. Hopkins a week before she died. At that time Mrs. Stone told the witness that she was going to see Dr. Coffee, and be treated for her catarrh.

"If you can tell me of one, I may go and see a lawyer," she continued. The witness told her that Mr. Hopkins could tell her whom to see. The next time the witness saw Mrs. Stone the latter said:

"It was a great favor to me to provide a way to get me to town." Several other conversations were repeated.

"From what you saw of her and from the conversation you had with her did you consider her sane or insane?" asked Mr. Wheeler.

"Sane. I had no reason to think otherwise."

On cross-examination Mrs. Hopkins said that she had never seen Mrs. Stone angry, but the morning she came to Janesville she was very much "grieved." She did not consider her of a nervous disposition.

Hill Thought Her Sane.

John Hill of this city, a former resident of the town of Fulton, knew Mrs. Stone during his whole lifetime and during 1889 he was there over night every two weeks, he being at that time selling groceries and dry goods from a wagon. The week before her death Hill was there and had a talk with her in which she said that the assault on Mr. Stone was a "put up job on her and that she was sorry people were trying to make everybody think she had a hand in it." She told the witness also that they were boarding a detective and that the "detective was trying to get the boy (Cady) to drink gin," which proceeding she did not like. In talking about the Ashtons, she said that she had been advised to get away as she was in danger. She felt herself that she was in danger. She thought that the Ashtons had "put up the job on her," as she expressed it, to influence Mr. Stone.

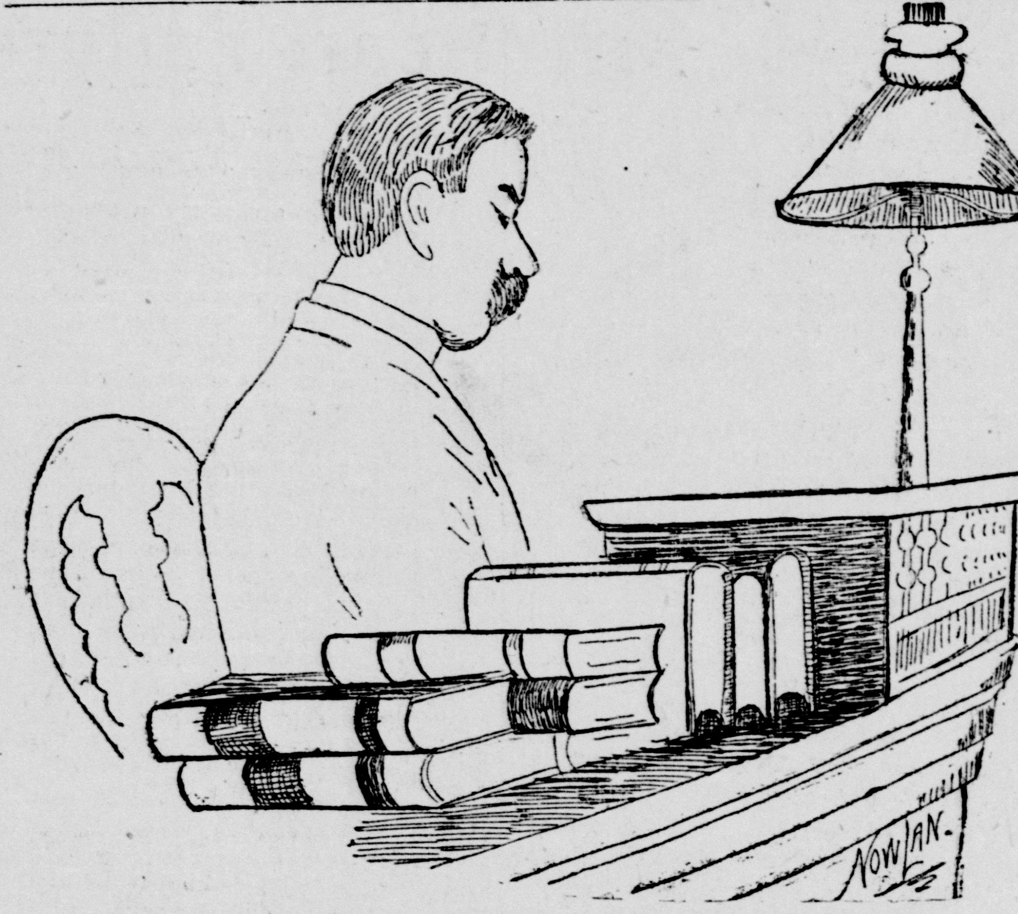
Hill considered Mrs. Stone sane and had never seen anything that indicated the slightest mental weakness. On Cross-examination Hill said that he had met Burt, the detective, twice, once at the Stone farm and once at Janesville at the Grand hotel since the trial was in progress. The witness also knew George Spangler and saw him at the same time he saw the detective at the hotel. He was summoned to testify yesterday; after the interview.

Mrs. John Hill also knew Mr. Stone and had conversed with Mrs. Stone a week before she died but it was on general subjects. Mrs. Hill did not think Mrs. Stone was deranged.

Murwin's Story Was Interesting.

James Murwin was recalled and said that he had known Mrs. Stone sine '45 or '46. His last conversation with her was in May, when Mrs. Stone came to the witness to get his advice about writing to her husband. She didn't know whether she dared write or not, for she feared her letter would be examined. Later she thought of going to her husband, but the witness advised her to wait. In '89 or '90 he had another conversation with her in regard to her being jealous of Mrs. Ashton, and when the witness laughed at Mrs. Stone she said that she had reason to be, as Mrs Ashton's actions with her husband were suspicious. Mrs. Stone had frequently found Mrs. Ashton and Mr. Stone together under compromising circumstances. He did not think that Mrs. Stone was insane and saw nothing that let him to believe her deranged.

On cross-examination Mr. Murwin denied that he had any ill-will against Mr. Ashton, but said "Ashton was an iceberg" and was rather hard to approach. The witness had always been very intimate with the Stones and was willing to be friendly with Ashton too. He told of being called upon to pay a debt to Mr. Stone which he claimed he didn't owe and hadn't paid. The Sunday after Mr. Stone was struck the witness talked with Mrs. Stone but denied that he had hinted at her being the one who did the clubbing. Spangler told Murwin that a detective was coming but the witness did not see Burt until the morning of Mrs. Stone's death. He denied that he had said that "he could pump the whole story out of her." He had never had a conversation with her when she "was on the verge of telling who did the clubbing" and denied that he talked with the Conways or said that "an old witch did it."



REPORTER KAVALEGE GLAD IT IS NEARLY FINISHED.

Mrs. Biederman Wept.

Mrs. Biederman, Mrs. Stone's daughter, was recalled and said that she talked with her mother on the day before her death when Mrs. Stone spoke about her future plans as to hiring help for the summer and as to Mr. Stone's return from Iowa. Mrs. Stone said further that she wanted Mr. and Mrs. Biederman to come for Sunday dinner and planned to do Mrs. Biederman's washing and to help to make soap until other arrangements could be made. Mrs. Stone also wanted Biederman to come and take the spoiled potatoes out of the cellar so that Mrs. Stone could clear up that week. When Mrs. Biederman told of speaking the last time with her mother she broke down and wept. She did not think that her mother was insane, she said in response to the hypothetical question, and had never seen any indications of mental derangement.

W. S. Heddles, the mayor of Edgerton, was sworn and said that he was a lumber merchant at Edgerton. He was one of the coroners jury at the post mortem and denied that Dr. Mc-manus broke the rib cartilages before cutting them and denied that force was used in the way which E. F. Carpenter had stated.

Frank Ayers and F. W. Coon, two additional coroner's jurors, corroborated Mr. Heddles' statement.

Stone's Personal Property Worth $70,000.

Sylvester Morgan was sworn and said that he was the special administrator of the Stone estate, and the estate had been appraised and the personal property in this county was valued at about $70,000. The Iowa estate he could not estimate, but it was composed of 640 acres and the stock on it was worth perhaps $3,500. The aggregate was about $150,000.

The state then offered to introduce the will of Daniel Stone, to which Mr. Winans objected. The objection did not stand, so Judge Sale was sworn as to the will, which was dated February 27, 1893. It was offered for probate August 14, 1893. The application for probate was made September 7, 1893 by Matthew R. Ashton. A first application was made and withdrawn and the application in question was substituted. The will was read by the judge and contained the subject matter as has already been published. Orson Cox and E F. Carpenter signed the paper as witnesses A petition for a special administrator was made by Oscar O. Stone August 26, 1893. The next paper filed was the order of the appointment; on the same day the bond and the notice of contest were also signed by Oscar O. Stone, D. G. Armstrong, Jane Stone and Mary J. Armstrong. The matter of the real estate is still pending in the probate court.

Testimony was then closed on both sides and a recess taken until 9:30 o'clock tomorrow morning.

BARABOO, Wis., Jan. 24.—The Baraboo Savings bank will resume business Monday with James Hull as president and R. B. Griggs as cashier. The bank suspended payment last July.

SCHOOLS ARE WEAK ON VITAL POINTS,

ROCK COUNTY SUPERINTENDENTS POINT OUT FLAWS.

William Ross and David Throne Unite in Saying that Experienced Teachers, Uniform Text Books and More Attention From Parents Would Do a Great Deal of Good.

Superintendent Ross pointed out serious evils in the present schools system in the course of his address at Milton Junction. Attendance was too small, he said, and work not as good as it might be. Only eight per cent of the children in the state ever go higher than the common schools, hence the necessity for making the common schools as good as possible. Superintendent Ross thought fewer teachers' certificates should be granted—just enough to supply the schools In this way the employment of experienced teachers could be insured. He urged upon school boards to employ experienced teachers at $40 rather inexperienced one at $30.

"In the matter of text books," said Superintendent Ross, "the books furnished by the state would be much cheaper than the average cost of text books at present although I do not believe that your book sellers are getting rich selling school books. As it is now A rents a farm and gets books for his children, then he moves to the adjoining district; here he must buy new books. So you see the expense falls upon the poor farmer who does not own a farm. If the books were owned by the district they would be kept at the school house; they would seldom if ever be carried home by the scholars; they would not be allowed to destroy them, and the books would last much longer than they do at present. And again, books bought in a quantity are much cheaper than when bought one at a time as they are wanted. If we had a uniformity of books the children would become accustomed to the book; not but what addition is addition in any book, but when a child becomes acquainted with a book they can use it to a better advantage."

New Apparatus Badly Needed.

Superintendent Ross dwelt especially upon the need of new apparatus and fixtures. He told about saying to a district clerk:

"Can't you furnish at least a cheap chart and some new seats? these are very uncomfortable."

"These are just as good as I had when I went to school" responded the clerk.

"Would you like to work your farm with the same machinery that was used when you were a boy, to cut your grain with a cradle, or a hand rake reaper drawn by four horses?" He urged that parents visit the school and see what teachers are doing.

"Perhaps some of you do not go near the school," he said, "but you learn from your children that some are getting a little dissatisfied, soon you learn that there are others who are becoming dissatisfied, but you do not go near and try to stop the strife which is gradually growing between teacher and pupil. Now this is wrong; you should enable the teacher and pupils to work together and keep peace and harmony in the school and neighborhood."

Parents Cripple the Schools.

Superintendent David Throne's analysis of the evils of the present system was, that many parents remove their children from the district schools and place them in the city schools as soon as they are advancing to the upper grades; this causes the district schools to be largely made up of small children; young teachers with no experience are employed at a small salary to teach these little ones; they are incompetent to teach the older ones. As a consequence, more and more of the older ones are sent to the city schools, and the school remains the same.

"Another very great trouble" he said, "is the lack of uniform text books. We have in our schools Appleton's, Sheldon's, Swinton's and other series. In our county there are a great many tenants. These tenants are continually moving from one district to another, they buy one set of books this year, and next year these books are of no use to them as they live in a district where they use a different kind."

The points which Superintendent Thorne especially urged were uniformity of text-books, and the employment of strong teachers, especially in those districts where there is a tendency to withdraw the children and place them in the city schools.

SOMETHING FOR SUPPER TIME.

Grimes--Hines.

There was a happy wedding party at St. Patrick's church at 6:30 this morning when Dean E. M. McGinnity made D. H. Grimes of Chicago, and Miss Nellie Hines husband and wife. Many from out of town were present, among those from Chicago being Officer John Coleman, Special Agent R. H. Johnson, of the Chicago & Northwestern, Engineer J. D. Lepper, Fred M. Keating and Miss Kittie Grimes. Officer Coleman and Messrs. Johnson and Keating were accompanied by their wives. Engineer Frank Slater and wife of Platteville, were also present.

This afternoon and to-night there will be a reception in honor of the newly married couple at the bride's home, 108 Gold street. Both bride and groom have hosts of friends. The groom, who is now conductor on the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, has provided in great measure for the support of his mother and sisters ever since he was seventeen years of age. His integrity and industry have won him warm commendation, and good wishes will follow him and his wife to their Chicago home.

Still Alarm From the Myers Block.

A still alarm was given to the Fire Patrol at 8:30 this morning calling the company to 11 South Main street, Myers House block, occupied by W. H. Graves, sewing machine agent. A stove became overheated and frightened the occupants. No damage.

NOTES FOR A WINTER EVENING

FRESH lettuce at Grubb Bros.

FINEST caramels 15 cents a pound at Grubb Bros.

E. J. NOTT, 107 Madison street is confined to his home by illness.

INDIA tea, the best you ever drank, 50 cents a pound at Grubb Bros.

WE have a quantity of dry wood for sale cheap. Janesville Coal Co., J. E. Gateley, Manager.

AUGUSTUS MCCANLEY, of Janesville, is among the Wisconsin men who gets an increase of pension.

DANCING will be one of the pleasant features of the Burns festival at the Armory on Friday evening.

DR. G. H. MCCAUSEY is in Milwaukee, attending the meeting of the State Board of Dental Examiners.

REGULAR weekly meeting of Wisconsin Lodge No. 14, I. O. O. F., at Odd Fellows hall, North Main street tonight.

SEE "The Bell's" announcement on eighth page, of a clearing sale to commence Saturday. Read the prices, very low.

"I WAS afflicted with catarrh and a cough, but it has left me since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." Minnie Lincoln, Union, Wis.

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD, the poet scout, will be at the Burns festival on Friday evening and take part in the entertainment.

PROFESSOR FREDERICK W. SPENCER, the eminent violinist and guitarist, will take part in the Burns festival on Friday evening at the Armory.

MRS. WILSON LANE and Mrs. Frank L Smith gave a very pleasant five o'clock tea at the home of the latter, on South Main street last evening.

THERE will be a public ball given by the Town Committee at the Rockton hall, on Friday evening, Feb. 2, 1894. All are cordially invited to attend.

REMINGTON type-writer, in good order, for sale on monthly payments; also nine show cases and one Badger cook stove. Lowell Hardware Co.

DEARBORN's cigar store on the bridge is for sale. Owner has other business which takes all his time. Call at store or office room 11, Sutherland block.

THE N. O. W. club have a six year reputation for giving the best private dances and their sixth annual masquerade January 30, '94, will be no exception.

DON'T miss the Boston Clothing House. It has moved from the west end to the Phoebus block, and is continuing the cost sale. Goods are very cheap. Make a selection.

THREE blanketed Indians, under escort of a U. S. officer, attracted considerable attention this morning as they marched from the jail to the passenger depot en route for Madison.

THOSE wishing to get their tickets for the N. O. W. club masquerade before hand can do so by presenting their invitations at Smith's Drug store. Gents, fifty cents; ladies, twenty-five cents.

THE Boston Clothing House is now in the Phoebus block, where Burns & Boland were. Mr. Weisend never does anything but what he promises, and the hundreds who have purchased goods from him during his cost sale preparatory to moving, know that he is selling for cost.

WHEELOCK's great sale of white granite ware is attracting a great deal of attention. It is the best white granite ware made, and as the sale lasts but five days longer, you had better go there at once. The prices they are naming will never be duplicated. See them in this issue.

TICKETS for the U. C. L. party at Columbia hall on Thursday evening, Jan. 25, may be had by calling on Hugh M. Joyce, and will be issued for members only. Tickets now held by members of the Ladies' League will be good only for the person whose name is on the ticket. By order of the committee.

OFFICER J. COLEMAN one of the model officers of the Chicago police force is in the city with his wife to attend the wedding of Miss Nellie Hines to D. H. Grimes. Officer Colman now looks after the welfare of passengers at the big Wisconsin Central depot, his detail being one of the most desirable in the city.

THE Beloit College Quartette will give a concert in Columbia hall, Friday evening, February 2. Mr Wood, a fine elocutionist, also from the college, will give recitations. He has given readings in Chicago with success. This entertainment is for the benefit of the organ fund of the Presbyterian church. Tickets 25 cents.

A. H. SHELDON & Co., at 17 and 19 South Main street, will inaugurate to-morrow morning one of the largest sales of hardware, stoves and tinware ever attempted in the city. They will commence their annual inventory March 1, and have now $30,000 worth of goods, which must be sold by that time. Price cuts no figure, as you will see by referring to their large advertisement in this issue. The goods must go, and they will sell them.

LOVEJOY A LEADER ALL COULD FOLLOW.

JANESVILLE MAN WOULD MAKE A GOOD GOVERNOR.

Men of Sound Business Judgment Are Needed By the State and Nation After Two Years of Democratic Rule, and He Fills the Bill.

The general disruption of business has had at least one marked effect. The people are anxious to cast their votes for candidates known to represent sound principles and to have sound business judgment. Satisfied that a great mistake was made when the state and nation were turned over to democrats, they will return en masse to the republican fold, and will give the republican nominees for state officers at the coming election one of grandest endorsements a party ever received in Wisconsin. This being a fact it behooves the republican party to select capable and honest men for every place on the ticket, men known throughout the state; men who have gained prominence not by their cunning, or their skill in political legerdemain, but by their capacity in every day business life.

Strong Men From Rock County.

Rock county rejoiced, and Wisconsin rejoiced with her when Louis P. Harvey was chosen governor. Old Rock, the banner republican county of the state, now has another representative republican in whom equal confidence can be placed. He is Allen P. Lovejoy, and a call for his nomination for governor has come from many parts of the state.

Mr. Lovejoy is a republican from the ground up. He is not a politician in the sense that many use the term, but is a straight forward, capable, honest, business man, one who commenced life with a plane and saw, and by eminent business qualifications accumulated what he has of property. He has been mayor of this city, has represented the city in the state assembly, and Rock county in the state senate, serving in those bodies on a number of important committees and giving proof of capacity that fitted him to occupy the gubernatorial chair. Rock county people will take pride in presenting Allan P. Lovejoy to the state as the next governor.

Groceries Cheap.

Commencing this morning I will reduce my stock as on the 12th of February will make a change in my business. Have a fine lot of corn, good. Will sell egg plums, green gages, pears, peaches, all choice California fruits; all at 15 cents a can. French prunes, 25 pound boxes at $1.50 per box; 4 pounds, 25 cents. If you want anything in the store come in and I shall make prices low. The 12th day of February will make a change. F. S. WINSLOW.

Scots Plan a Lively Night.

The Caledonian Society has made extensive preparations for the entertainment of their friends on Friday evening at the Burns anniversary festival. Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, will be present and take a prominent part in the programme. Professor Frederick W. Spencer, the violinist and guitarist, will render a number of choice selections of instrumental music, and last but not least, Malcom G. Jeffris will deliver the annual address.

Shoes! Shoes!! Shoes!!!

Never have such good and elegant shoes been sold at any time as the goods now offered at a force sale 57 Milwaukee street. Only five days more of choice of men's and women's at $2.00; misses at $1.00; children's 15 cents to fifty. Early purchases means money to buyers.

Popular Lecture Course.

The opening lecture will be given at All Souls church tomorrow evening by Rev. Jenk Ll. Jones, of Chicago. Subject, "The Cost of a Fool." Lecture commences at eight o'clock. Course ticket one dollar. Single admission twenty-five cents.

Thursday May Be a Bit Warmer.

Forecast: Clear and colder tonight. Slightly warmer on Thursday.

The temperature as recorded by S.C. Burnham & Co. during the last twenty four hours was as follows:

7 a. m...	2 below
1 p. m..	2 below
Max	2 below
Min.....	4 below

Wind northwest.

Royal Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

A cream of tartar baking Powder. Highest of all in leavening strength—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
106 Wall St., N. Y.

Hueher= . . . . . Augen

Is the German name for corns. If you have any that trouble you get at once and get a bottle of Smith's German Corn Cure. It is the best, the easiest to use, and does the work. Guaranteed or money refunded. 25 cents.

Fresh cut flowers from the Linn St. Green House.

SMITH'S PHARMACY.

Brush Brooms,
Formerly 10c, now... 5c
Tin Cups,
Now 2c
7c Glasses,
Two for 5c
12c Tablets,
Now 8c
10c Tablets,
Now 5c
1 Pound
Com. Note Paper.... 15c
Water Pails,
Formerly 20c, now... 15c
Toothpicks,
Two packages now... 5c
Envelopes,
Two packages now... 5c
Fine Toilet Soap,
Per cake............. 4c
Pure Castile Soap,
Per cake............. 5c
Lead Pencils,
Per dozen 4c

The Fair,
Cor. Milwaukee and River.
THOS. KING, Prop.

A Real Buggy On Two Wheels

We are the only manufacturers that make the **Phaeton=Body Cart** with double bent shaft, this being a feature of special advantage in entering and alighting from the cart. The finest riding and most complete cart in the market, suitable for one or two passengers. Has a regular size buggy seat, cushions, lazy back and leather dash—a real buggy on two wheels and hung on Boughton Springs

We have a large assortment of these vehicles now on hand which must be sold even at less than cost.

JANESVILLE CARRIAGE WORKS,
(INCORPORATED.)

Young Men or Young Women

Who wish to improve in Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Arithmetic, Commercial Law or Business Methods, or in any way qualify themselves for OFFICE POSITIONS, should at once enter the day or night school of

KING'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Our method of teaching is by actual business practice.

Terms Moderate.

Call or write for Circulars. First National Bank Building, Janesville, Wis.

FINE HOUSE FINISHINGS.

We have lately secured the services of W. L. Bollard, late of New York City, who has had 20 years experience both on his own responsibility and with some of the best firms in the United States in the manufacture of MANTLES and GRILLE WORK.

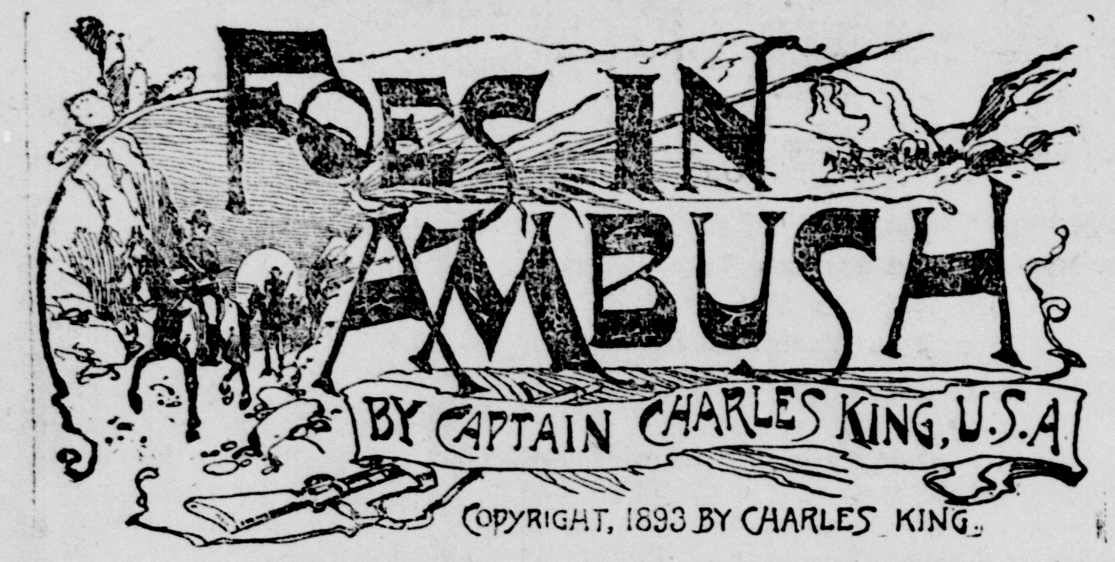
Under Mr. Bollard's supervision we have added these specialties to our line of house finish. Are prepared to do First Class Work and will furnish same on Short Notice and at Reasonable Prices. Call and see our patterns and designs.

GREEN & INMAN,
No. 4, North River Street.

COLLING, WRAY & BLAIR,

Builders and Contractors, Manufacturers of Sash, Doors, Blinds, Etc.

Phoenix Planing Mill Rear of Postoffice



SYNOPSIS OF "FOES IN AMBUSH."

CHAPTER I.

Major Plummer, an army paymaster, is crossing the plains with a safe of greenbacks for the garrison troops in Arizona. His cavalry escort is led by a veteran sergeant named Feeny. The party halts at Mereno's ranch, near Gila river. A stranger giving his name as "Ned Harvey" calls at that ranche and states that himself and a small party are escorting his two sisters across the plains. Their father, a wealthy citizen of Tucson, A. T., was to have met them near Moreno's but has failed to do so, and his children fear that he has fallen in with murderous Apaches. Half a dozen troopers, led by Corporal Donovan, are sent with the stranger as protection for his sisters. Later two o the troopers return grossly intoxicated and bringing a note signed "Ned Harvey," to the effect that Indians have burned the Harvey camp and carried off the girls. Feeny scents a ruse to rob the paymaster. Suddenly a beacon fire is seen at an army signal station in the crest of a distant range, a warning never displayed except the Apaches are on the warpath.

CHAPTER II.

Late that night a scouting party of United States cavalrymen, under Lieutenant Drummond, is crossing the plains from another direction toward Mereno's. One of the troop is a mysterious recruit, a former stage driver, named Bland. The riders stumble upon the body of a trooper, which proves to be Corporal Donovan. They descry the telltale beacon at the signal station, and shortly after a second fire lights up the sky around Moreno's.

CHAPTER III.

Just after dark on the evening the beacon was lit at the signal station a draft wagon and a Concord piloted by the real Ned Harvey and conveying his sisters Ruth and Fanny, pass by the station on the way to Mereno's. The signal officer in charge, Sergeant Wing, has met the girls in Yuma, and after greeting them and whispering in young Harvey's ears the rumors about Indian raids starts to climb the signal hill. He is suddenly assaulted, lassoed and dragged to a tent, bound and gagged. At the same time the signal pile of dry fuel bursts into flames. At the sight of the signal beacon Major Plummer sends a second party of soldiers out to rescue the Harvey girls, leaving only Sergeant Feeny, the paymaster and his clerk and the stupified troopers to guard the safe.

CHAPTER IV.

Ranchman Mereno is secretly leagued with the "greaser" bandit gang of one Morales. Ned Harvey and his sisters reach Moreno's. Next two strangers ride up and ask for shelter. Feeney rebuffs them, and the fight opens. Major Plummer's party and the Harveys are barricaded in the ranch.

CHAPTER V.

Moreno openly joins the outlaws. They fire the ranch buildings. Feeney and Ned Harvey are ambushed.

CHAPTER VI.

The bandits led by a man in cavalry uniform plunder the ranch, carrying off the Harvey girls and the safe. Drummond's party arrives. Feeny and Harvey are found. Private Bland is missing from the ranks. Sergeant Wing and party arrive. Drummond starts in hot pursuit.

CHAPTER VII. Tells the story of the pursuit and the romance springing from it. Drummond has met the Harvey girls and is the hero of Ruth's fancy.

CHAPTER VIII. The trail leads to Morales' mountain cave.

CHAP. IX The troopers overtake the outlaws' train and cut out the Concord wagon containing the girls. Drummond is hurt, and Ruth turns nurse.

CHAP, X. Wing leads a party to recover the safe, is ambushed and wounded. Private Bland is Wing's uncle and a notorious outlaw.

CHAPTER XI.

Ten o'clock on a blazing Arizona morning. The hot sun is pouring down upon the jagged front of a range of heights where occasional clumps of pine and cedar, scrub oak and juniper, seem the only vegetable products hardy enough to withstand the alternations of intense heat by day and moderate cold by night, or to find sufficient sustenance to eke out a living on so barren a soil.

Out to the eastward, stretching away to an opposite range, lies a sandy desert dotted at wide intervals with little black bunches of "scrub mesquite" and blessed with only one redeeming patch of foliage, the copse of willows and cottonwood here at the mouth of a rock ribbed defile where a little brook, rising heaven knows how or where among the heights to the west, comes frothing and tumbling down through the windings of the gorge only to bury itself in the burning sands beyond the shade. So narrow and tortuous is the canyon, so precipitous its sides, as to prove conclusively that by no slow process, but by some sudden spasm of nature, was it rent in the face of the range. And here in its depths, just around one of the sharpest bends, honeycombed out of the solid rock, are half a dozen deep lateral fissures and caves where the sunbeams never penetrate, where the air is reasonably cool and still, where on this scorching May morning, far away from home and relatives, two young girls are sheltered by the natural roofs and walls against the fiery sunshine and by a little band of resolute men against the fury of the Apaches.

Down in the roomiest of the caves Fanny and Ruth Harvey are listening in dread anxiety to the sounds of savage warfare echoing from crag to crag along the range, while every moment or two the elder turns to moisten the cloth she holds to a wounded trooper's burning, tossing head. Sergeant Wing is fevered indeed by this time, raging with misery at thought of his helplessness and the scant numbers of the defense. It is a bitter pill for the soldier to swallow, this of lying in hospital when every man is needed at the front. At 9 o'clock this morning a veteran Indian fighter, crouching in his sheltered lookout above the caves and scanning with practiced eye the frowning front of the range, declared that not an Apache was to be seen or heard within rifle shot, yet was in no wise surprised when, a few minutes later, as he happened to show his head above the rocky parapet, there came zipping a dozen bullets about his ears, and the cliffs fairly crackled with the sudden flash of rifles hidden up to that instant on every side. Indians who can creep upon wagon train or emigrant camp in the midst of an open and unsheltered plain find absolutely no difficulty in surrounding unsuspected and unseen a bivouac in the mountains. Inexperienced officers or men would have been picked off long before the opening of the general attack, but the Apaches themselves are the first to know that they have veteran troopers to deal with, for up to this moment only one has shown himself at all. At five minutes after 9 o'clock Lieutenant Drummond, glancing exultingly around upon his little band of fighters, had blessed the foresight of Pasqual Morales and his gang that they had so thoroughly fortified their lair against sudden assault. Three on the southern, two on the northern brink of the gorge and behind impenetrable shelter, and two more in reserve in the canyon, his puny garrison was in position and had replied with such spirit and promptitude to the Apache attack that only at rare intervals now is a shot necessary, except when for the purpose of drawing the enemy and locating his position a hat is poked up on the muzzle of a carbine. The assailants' fire, too, is still, but that, as Drummond's men well know, means only "look out for other devilment."

Out on the eastward desert, still far over toward the other side, a little party of Apaches is hurrying to join the fray. Two are riding. Where got they their horses? The others—over half a dozen—come along at their tireless jog trot. It was this party that, seen but dimly at first, gave rise to such ebullition of joy among the defenders and defended. It was this party that, closely scanned through his fieldglass, occasioned Lieutenant Drummond's moan of distress. With all his heart he had been hoping for the speedy coming of relief over that very trail—had counted on its reaching him during the day. He was sure it could be nothing else when the corporal reported something in sight, and so when he discovered the approaching party to be Apaches no words could describe the measure of his disappointment and dismay. Not for himself and his men; they were old hands and had a fine position to defend. His thought are all for those in whose behalf he has already made such gallant fight and for poor Wing, whose feeble moaning every now and then reaches his ear.

At 10 o'clock he is able through his glasses to distinctly make out the number and character of the coming party. Nine Apaches, all warriors, but one of them apparently wounded or disabled, for they have to support him on the horse, and this it is that hampers their advance and makes it slower. They are heading for the oasis at the mouth of the canyon. There they will leave their horses and their wounded, and then come creeping up the winding gorge or crouching among the bowlders from the east to join in the attack on the hated paleface. Drummond can have no doubt of that. New dispositions are necessary.

"Stay where you are!" he shouts to his men. "You take charge up here, Costigan; I want to post a man or two below at the bend." And down he goes, sliding and scrambling until he reaches the edge of the brook. Moreno, squatted against a rock, glances up at him appealingly.

"Senor Teniente, I pray you loose me and let me help. The Apache is our common enemy," he pleads.

An idea comes to Drummond. Wing's carbine can be utilized. He can post Moreno down the gorge at the second bend to command that approach and put little McGuffy, the recruit, at the next bend to command Moreno and send a bullet through him if he shirk or swerve.

"I declare I believe I will, you old scoundrel," he says. "Here, McGuffy, untie this fellow. I've got to look around a minute."

Into the depth of the fissure where Moreno's women are praying and rocking he peers a moment. One of the wounded bandits is now past praying for. The other, painfully shot but plucky, begs to be given a chance to fight for his life.

"You are too badly hurt now. We couldn't get you up there," is the answer.

"Well, then, put me on with Moreno, wherever you're going to assign him. Surely if you can trust a greaser you can a white man. I'm only fit to hang perhaps, but d—n me if I want to lie here when there's an Indian fight going on."

And so he, too, is loosed and lifted to his feet. Leaning on McGuffy's shoulder and supported by his arm, the pale faced stranger, preceded by Moreno, who goes limping and swearing sotto voce down the rocky way, is led 100 yards along the canyon where it makes a second bend. Here they can see nearly 150 yards more ahead of them, and here some loose bowlders are hurriedly shoved or rolled to form a rifle pit, and these volunteer allies are placed in position.

"We cover the approaches above so that they can't sneak up and heave rocks down upon you. All you've got to do now is to plug every Apache that shows his nose around that bend below," says Drummond. "McGuffy, you take post at the point behind. Watch the overhanging cliffs and support as best you can." And "Little Mack," as the men call him, gets further instructions as he takes his position; instructions which would give small comfort to Moreno could he only hear them. Then back goes the lieutenant to where Wing is lying, Miss Harvey bending anxiously over him, her beautiful eyes filling with tears at sight of Drummond's brave but haggard young face. Ruth is crouching by her sister's side, but rises quickly as Drummond enters, her fears lessening, her hopes gaining.

"Any news? Anything in sight—of ours?" is Miss Harvey's eager query.

"Not yet, but they're bound to be along almost any minute now. Some Apaches whom I could see coming across from the east have a wounded man with them. It makes me hope our fellows have met and fought them and are following close on their trail. How's Wing?"

She can only shake her head.

"He seems delirious every now and then, perhaps only because of so much mental excitement and suffering. He is dozing now."

"Gallant fellow! What would we have done without him? I only wish we had more like him. Think how all my detachment has become scattered. If we had them here now, I could push out and drive the Indians to the rocks and far beyond all possibility of annoying you with their racket. Of course you are safe from their missiles down here."

"Yes, we are, but you and your soldiers, Mr. Drummond! Every shot made me fear you were hit," cries poor little Ruth, her eyes filling, her lips quivering. Then, just as Drummond is holding forth a hand, perhaps it is an arm, too, she points up to the rock above where Walsh is evidently exercised about something. He has dropped his gun, picked up the glasses and is gazing down the range to the south.

"Perhaps he sees some of our fellows coming for good this time. Four of them tried it awhile ago, but were probably attacked some miles below here and fell back on the main body. They'll be along before a great while, and won't it be glorious if they bring back the safe and all?" He says this by way of keeping up their spirits, then, once more wearily, but full of pluck and purpose, he climbs the rugged path and creeps to Walsh's side.

"Is it any of our men you see?" he whispers.

"Divil a wan, sir! It's more of thim infernal Apaches."

Drummond takes the glass and studies the dim and distant group with the utmost care. Apaches beyond doubt, a dozen, and coming this way, and these, too, have a couple of horses. Can they have overpowered his men, ambushed and murdered them, then secured their mounts? Is the whole Chiricahua tribe, reenforced by a swarm from the Sierra Blanca, concentrating on him now? The silence about him is ominous. Not an Indian has shown himself, not one within the range for half an hour, and now these fellows to the east are close to the copse. In less than 20 minutes there will be five times his puny force around him. Is there no hope of rescue?

Once more he turns to the east, across the shimmering glare of that parched and tawny plain, and strains his eyes in vain effort to catch sight of the longed for column issuing from the opposite valley, but it is hopeless. The hot sun beats down upon his bruised and aching head and sears his bloodshot eyes. He raises his hand in mute appeal to heaven, and at the instant there is a flash, a sharp report not 30 yards away, an angry spat as the leaden missile strikes the shelving top of his parapet and goes humming across the gorge, a stifled shriek from Ruth looking fearfully up from below, an Irish oath from Walsh as he whirls about to answer the shot, and Drummond can barely repress a little gasp.

"Narrow squeak that, Walsh! That devil has crawled close up on us. Can you see him?"

"Begad, sir, I can see nothing at all but rocks, rocks, rocks. How can a man fight anyway ag'in human beings that crawl like snakes?"

Zip! Another shot, close at hand too, and from another unseen foe. The first came from somewhere among the bowlders down to the southeast, and this second whizzed from across the canyon. A little puff of blue smoke is floating up from among the rocks 50 yards or so to the north of the narrow slit.

Crouching lower, Drummond calls across to Costigan, posted as the easternmost of the two men on the opposite side:

"That fellow is nearest you, corporal. Can you see nothing of him?"

"Nothing, sir; I was looking that way, too, when he fired. Not even the muzzle of his gun showed."

This is serious business. If one Indian or two can find it so easy to creep around them, and armed only with their muzzle loading guns send frequent shots that reach the besieged "in reverse," what can be hoped when the whole band gathers and every rock on every side shelters a hostile Apache? From the first Drummond has feared that however effective might be these defenses against the open attack of white men, they are ill adapted to protect the defenders against the fire of Indians who can climb like squirrels or crawl or squirm through any chink or crevice like so many snakes.

Another shot! Another bullet flattens itself on the rock close to his right shoulder and then drops into the dust by his knee. It comes from farther up the cliff—perhaps 200 yards away among those stunted cedars—but shudderingly close. Costigan and the other men glance anxiously over their shoulders at the point where their young commander and Walsh are crouching. They are not yet subjected to a fire from the rear, these others. The lookout, the signal station, as it might be called, is the highest point and most exposed about the position.

"For God's sake, lieutenant," cries the corporal, "don't stay there. They've got your range on two sides anyhow. Come out of it. You and Walsh can slip down as we open fire. We'll just let drive in every direction until you are safe below."

Drummond hesitates. He sees a half pleading look in Walsh's honest face. The Irishman would willingly tackle the whole tribe in open fight, but what he doesn't like is the idea of being potted like a caged tiger, never knowing whence came the shot that laid him low. Then the lieutenant peers about him. Yes, it is exposed to fire from a point in the cliffs to the west, and there are rocks over there to the north that seem to command it, but if abandoned there will be no way of preventing a bold advance on the part of the Apaches up the rugged eastward slope. It would then stand between the defenders and the assailants, giving to the latter incalculable advantage. Hold it he must for a few minutes at least, until, recalling McGuffy, he can set him and one or two others to work piling up a rock barricade in front of the cave. Then if driven out and no longer able to stand the Indians off they can retire into the caves themselves, hide their precious charges in the farthest depths, and then, like Buford at Gettysburg, "fight like the devil" till rescue comes.

"No, down with you, Costigan," he answers. "Get McGuffy and Fritz; block up the front of the cave with rocks; move in those Moreno women; carry Sergeant Wing back to the farther cave—Miss Harvey will show you where. Stand fast the rest of you. Don't let an Indian close in on us."

"Look, lieut'nant," whispers Walsh; "they're coming up down beyant you there."

And peeping through a narrow slit left in his parapet Drummond can just see bobbing among the bowlders far down toward the willow copse two or three Apache crests—Apache unmistakably, because of the dirty white turbanlike bandages about the matted black locks. At that distance they advance with comparative security. It is when they come closer to the defenders that they will be lost to view.

Obedient to his orders, Costigan slips out of his shelter and "takes a sneak" for the edge of the cliff. In an instant, from half a dozen points above, below, and on both sides, there come the flash and crack of rifles. The dust is kicked up under his nimble feet, but he reaches unharmed the cleft in which some rude steps have been hacked and goes, half sliding, half scraping, down into the cooler depths below.

"Mother of Moses!" he groans, "but we'll never get the lieut'nant out alive. Shure they're all around him now."

Then bounding down the gorge he finds McGuffy kneeling at the point.

"They're coming, Barney," whispers the boy, all eager and tremulous with excitement, and pointing down between the vertical walls. "Look!" he says.

Gazing ahead to the next bend, Costigan can see Moreno and his Yankee compadre crouching behind their shelter, their carbines leveled, their attitude betokening intense excitement and suspense. It is evident the enemy are within view.

"I'll have one shot at 'em, bedad, to pay for the dozen their brother blackguards let drive at me," mutters Costigan. "Come on, you; it's but a step." And, forgetful for the moment of his orders in his eagerness for fight, the Irishman runs down the canyon, leaps the swirling brook just as he reaches the point, and obedient to the warning hand held out by their bandit ally drops on his knees at the bend, McGuffy close at his heels. Off go their hats. Those broad brims would catch an Indian eye even in that gloom.

"How many are there coming?" he whispers.

Moreno puts his finger on his lips, then throws out his hand, four fingers extended.

"One apiece then, be jabers! Now, Little Mac, you're to take the second from the right—their right, I mean—and don't you miss him, or I'll break every bone in your skin."

"Hist!"

Down they go upon their faces, then, Indianlike, they crawl a few feet farther where there is a little ledge. The canyon widens below; the light is stronger there, and bending double, throwing quick glances at one another, then from sheer force of Indian habit shading their eyes with their brown hands as they peer to the front; exchanging noiseless signals, creeping like cats from rock to rock, leaping without faintest sound of the moccasined foot across the bubbling waters, four swarthy scamps are coming stealthily on. Two others are just appearing around the next bend beyond.

"Ready, boys? They're near enough now. Cover the two leaders! Drop the first two anyhow!"

Breathless silence, thumping hearts one instant longer, then the chasm bellows with the loud reports. The four guns are fired almost as one. One half naked wretch leaps high in air and falls, face downward, dead as a nail. Another whirls about, bounds a few yards along the brookside, and then goes splashing into a shallow pool, where he lies writhing. The two farthest down the canyon have slipped back behind the rocky shoulder. The other two, close at hand, have rolled behind the nearest shelter and thence send harmless bullets whizzing overhead. Costigan lets drive a wild Irish yell of triumph and delight.

"Now, then, run for it, boy. Well done, you two, if ye are blackguards," he calls to Moreno and his mate. "They won't disturb ye again for 10 minutes anyhow. Hold your post, though, till we call you back. We're going to block the mouth of the cave."

Twenty minutes later, and working like beavers Costigan and his two men have lugged rocks, logs, bales of blankets, everything, anything that can stop a bullet, and the entrance to the cave is being stoutly barricaded. Patterson, who was sorely exposed at his post and ordered down by Lieutenant Drummond, is aiding in the work. Wing has been carefully borne into the back cave, whither, too, the wailing, quaking Moreno women are herded and bidden to hold their peace. There, too, Fanny and Ruth, silent, pallid perhaps, but making no moan, are now kneeling by their patient. Costigan runs in with two buckets he has filled with water and "Little Mac" follows with half a dozen dripping canteens. More rocks are being lifted on the barricade, convenient apertures being left through which to fire, and Costigan, feverishly eager, is making every exertion, for any minute may be the last with those plucky fellows battling there aloft. The air rings with the shots of the encircling Apaches and with the loud report of the cavalry carbine answering the hidden foe. Twice has Costigan implored the lieutenant to come down anyhow, so long as his crippled condition prevents his firing a gun, but Drummond pokes his bandaged head one instant over the edge to shout something to the effect that he is "on deck" until he has seen the last man down, and Costigan knows it is useless to argue. At last the barricade is ready. Walsh, peering grimly around, just the top of his head showing over the parapet, begs for one shot and shouts his Hibernian challenge to the Apache nation to come forth and show itself. Drummond picks up the glasses for one final look down the desert and across the valley in search of friends who surely should be coming, cautiously places the "binocular" on the inner edge of the top of his shelving rock, then raises his head to the level.

"Fur the love o' God, lieut'nant, don't sit so high up!" implores Walsh. "They're sure to spot— Oh, Christ!"

And down goes the poor faithful fellow, the blood welling from a deep gash along the temple. He lies senseless at his commander's feet.

For a moment the air seems alive with humming missiles and shrill with yells from on every side. In their triumph

"Fur God's sake, come quick, sir!"

three or four savage foes have leaped up from behind their sheltering rocks, and one of them pays the penalty—a vengeful carbine from across the canyon stretches the lithe, slender, dusky form lifeless among the rocks with the dirty white of his breech clout turning crimson in the noonday glare. Up from the cave, catlike, Patterson and "Little Mac" come climbing the narrow trail. Between them they drag Walsh's senseless body to the edge, and then, somehow, despite hissing, spattering lead, they bear him safely down and carry him within the cave.

"Now call in Moreno and help his partner back!" shouts Drummond, and Costigan goes at speed to carry out the order. A few minutes of intense excitement and suspense, then Moreno is seen limping around the point. Behind him Costigan is slowly helping their brigand friend. A few more shots come singing overhead. A moment more and the watchful Indians will come charging up the now unguarded canyon and crown both banks.

"Now, lads, give 'em two or three shots apiece to make them hug their cover. Then down for the caves, every man of you," is the order.

For a moment the Indian fire is silenced in the rapid fusillade that follows. Sharp and quick the carbines are barking their challenge, and whenever a puff of powder smoke has marked the probable lurking place of an Apache, thither hiss the searching bullets warning him to keep down. Then Costigan comes climbing to the lookout.

"Let us help you, lieut'nant. Now's your time, sir, while they're firing."

But Drummond shakes his head. He wants to be the last man down.

"Don't hang on here, sir. Come now. Sure the others can get down from where they are easy enough, but you can't except when they're firing. Please come, sir," and Costigan in his eagerness scrambles to the lieutenant's side and lays a broad, red hand on his shoulder. The men have fired more than the designated number of shots and now are looking anxiously toward their commander. They do not wish to move until he does.

"Give 'em another whack all around, fellers," shouts Costigan, "while I help the lieut'nant down;" and so, with a laugh, Drummond gives it up, and after one last wistful glance out over the desert, turns to pick up the binocular, when it is struck, smashed, and sent clattering down into the canyon by a shot fired not 20 yards away.

"Fur God's sake, come quick, sir!" gasps Costigan. Then, desperate at his loved young leader's delay, the Irishman throws a brawny arm about him and fairly drags him to the end of the steep. Then down they go, Costigan leading and holding up one hand to sustain Drummond in case of accident. Down, hand under hand, to the accompaniment of cracking rifles and answering carbines, while every other second the bullets come "spat" upon the rocky sides, close and closer, until, almost breathless, Costigan reaches the solid bottom of the gorge and swings Drummond to his feet beside him. See-

Continued on seventh page.

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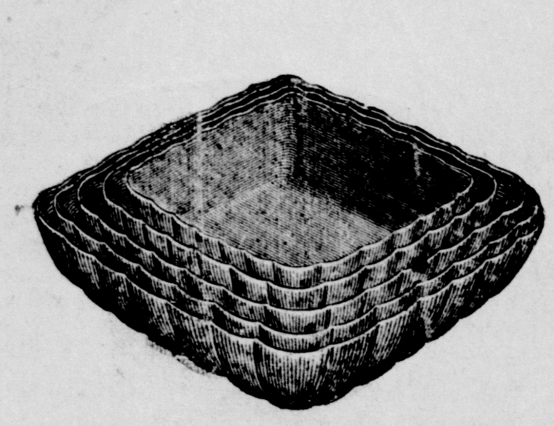
Keep on hand all kinds of SOFT and HARD COAL, at Smith & Gateley's old stand on North Bluff Street. Come and see us.

Only FIVE Days More of



WHEELOCK'S

Great Clearing Sale

—OF—

White Granite Ware!

Don't delay. Go at once. Prices demand your presence. Dishes cheaper than ever before.

Handled Cups and Saucers, four different shapes, set..................	40c
PLATES—4-inch plates, 6-inches in diameter, each..................	3c
5-inch plates 7-inches in diameter, each.......	4c
6-inch plates, 8-inches in diameter, each.......	5c
7-inch plates, 9-inches in diameter, each.......	6c
8-inch plates, 10-inches in diameter, each.......	7c
PLATTERS—6-inch platters, 9¾ inches in diameter, each..................	7c
7-inch platters, 10½ inches in diameter, each.	8c
9-inch platters, 12½ inches in diameter, each	12c
10-inch platters, 13½ inches in diameter, each	16c
11-inch platters, 14½ inches in diameter, each	22c
12-inch platters, 15¼ inches in diameter, each	32c

The above platters are all oval and square in shape.

BAKERS—6-inch bakers, 8 inches in diame- each..................	8c
7-inch bakers, 9 inches in diameter, each.	12c
8 inch bakers, 9¾ inches in diameter, each. ..	15c
9-inch bakers, 10¾ inches in diameter, each..	22c

There are four shapes of these bakers, square, oval, round, oblong—all same price.

PITCHERS—No. 42, will hold 1¼ pints, each..................	8c
No. 36, will hold 1¾ pints, each..................	9c
No. 30, will hold 2¾ pints, each..................	12c
No. 24, will hold 4 pints, each..................	16c
No. 12, will hold 5¾ pints, each..................	28c

These are square and oval all same price.

MISCELLANEOUS—4-inch fruit and sauce dishes, all shapes. per doz..................	33c
Washbowl and Pitcher, large size..........	62c
Large size Slop Jar..................	82c

The above is only a part of the stock of **White Granite Ware** for this sale. Everything we have in this line must go within the next 10 days. We do more than we advertise. This is a **Pan Electric Sale.** Borrow the money if you can't get it otherwise. It will pay you ten-fold. Invest at once. This sale will be short, sharp and spicy. Don't miss it. We do not need to resort to chicanery to accomplish this. These are not a "job lot" bought in some other town to be quoted to you at half price. They are all new and perfect goods, reasonable and desirable. Take our word for it, this is the best **White Granite Ware** made.

Mail Orders carefully selected and promptly filled at the above prices. -WHEELOCK'S CROCKERY HOUSE-SOUTH : MAIN : STREET.

FOES IN AMBUSH.

Continued from page six.

ing their leader safely down, the men, with one defiant shot and cheer, scurry to the edge of the canyon and come slipping and sliding to join their comrades. At the mouth of the cave Costigan strives to push Drummond in through the narrow aperture left for their admission, but miscalculates his commander's idea of the proprieties. Like gallant Craven at Mobile Bay, Drummond will seek no safety until his men are cared for. "After you, pilot," the chivalric sailor's last word as the green waters engulfed his sinking ship, finds its cavalry echo in Drummond's "After you, corporal," in this faraway canyon in desert Arizona. The men have scrambled through the gap, then Costigan, with reluctant backward glance, is hurried in just as a flash of flame and smoke leaps downward from the crest and the foremost Apache sends a hurried, ill aimed shot at the last man left. Before another shot can follow, Drummond's arm is seized by muscular hands, and he is dragged within the gap. Two or three huge stones are rolled into place, and in an instant through the ragged loopholes the black muzzles of half a dozen carbines are thrusting, and Costigan shouts exultingly, "Now, you black legged blackguards, come on if ye dare!"

But no Apache is fool enough to attack a strong position. Keeping well under cover, the Indians soon line the crest and begin sending down a rain of better aimed bullets at the loopholes, and every minute the flattened lead comes zipping through. One of these fearful missiles tears its way through Costigan's sleeve, and striking poor old Moreno in the groin stretches him groaning upon the floor. A glance shows that the wound is mortal, and despite his crimes the men who bear him, moaning, in to the farther cave are moved to sudden sympathy as his hapless wife and child prostrate themselves beside his rocky bier. Drummond can afford to lose no more and orders the lower half of each hole to be stopped with blankets, blouses, shirts, anything that will block a shot, and then for an hour the fire of the besiegers is harmless, and no longer can the besieged catch even an occasional glimpse of them. At noon their fire has ceased entirely, and even when breathing a sigh of relief the men look into one another's faces questioningly. How long can this last? How hot, how close the air in the cave is growing!

Drummond has gone for a moment into the inner chamber, where Moreno is now breathing his last, to inquire for Wing and to speak a word of cheer to his fair and devoted nurses. Not one murmur of complaint or dread has fallen from their lips, though they know their father to have ridden on perilous quest and into possible ambush; though they know their brother to be lying at the ruined ranch, perhaps seriously wounded; though their own fate may be capture, with indescribable suffering, shame and death. Fanny Harvey has behaved like a heroine, as the two troopers remarked, and Ruth has done her best to follow her sister's lead. Yet they, too, now realize how close and stifling the heavy atmosphere is growing. Is it to be the black hole of Calcutta over again? Even as he takes her hand in his Drummond reads the dread in Ruth's tearless face. Even as he holds it and whispers words of hope and comfort there is a heavy, continuous, crashing sound at the mouth of the cave, just in front of the rock barricade, and he springs back to learn the cause.

"They're heaving down logs and brushwood, sir," whispers Costigan. "They mean to roast us out if they can't do anything else."

More thunder and crash; more heaping up of resinous logs from the cliffs above them. Some of the men beg to be allowed to push out and die fighting, but Drummond sternly refuses. "At the worst," he says, "we can retire into the back cave; we have abundant water there. The air will last several hours yet, and I tell you help will come—must come, before the day is much older."

Two o'clock. Hissing flames and scorching heat block the cavern entrance. The rocky barrier grows hotter and hotter; the air within denser and more stifling. The water in the canteens and pails is no longer cool. It is hardly even cooling. The few men who remain with Drummond in the front of the cave are lying full length upon the floor. The pain in Drummond's battered head has become intense. It is almost maddening. Wing is moaning and unconscious. Walsh is incoherent and raving. All are panting and well nigh exhausted. The front of the cave is like an oven. Overcome by the heat, one or two of the men are edging toward the inner cave, but Drummond orders them back. To the very last the lives of those fair girls must be protected and cherished. In silence, almost in desperation, the men obey and lie down again, face downward, their heads at the rear wall of the cave.

And then Costigan comes crawling to the lieutenant's side:

"Have you heard any more logs thrown down lately, sir?"

"No, corporal. I have heard nothing."

"They were yellin and shootin out there in the gulch half an hour ago. Have ye heard no more of it, sir?"

"No; no sound but the flames."

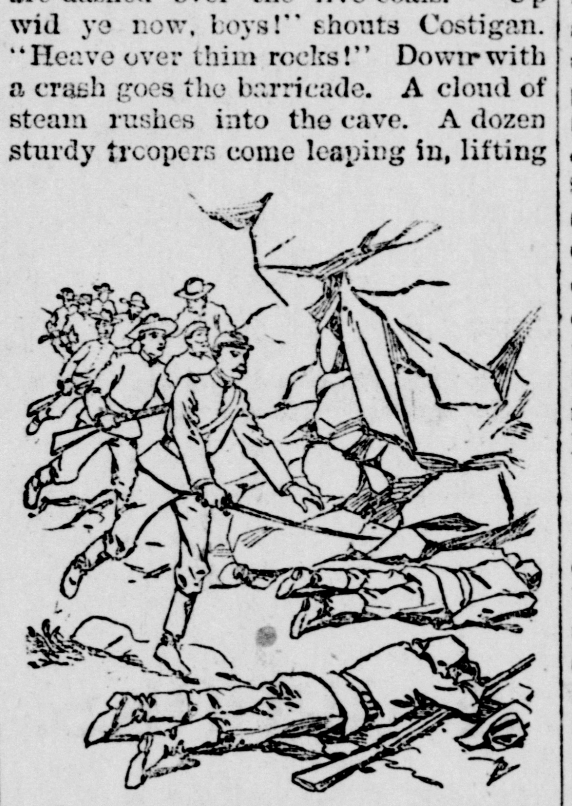
"Glory be to God, thin! D'ye know wat hit manes, sir?"

"I know what I hope," is Drummond's faint answer. "Our fellows are close at hand, for the Indians are clearing out."

"Close at hand, is it?" cries Costigan, in wild excitement, leaping to his feet. "Listen, sir! Listen, all of yes! D'ye hear that?—and that? And there now! Oh, Holy Mother of God! isn't that music? Thim's the trumpets of K throop!"

Aye. Out along the crests of the winding canyon the rifles are ringing again. The cheers of troopers, bounding like goats up the rocky sides, are answered by clatter of hoof and snort of excited steeds in the rocky depths below. "Here we are, lads! Dismount! Lively now!" a well known voice is ordering, and Costigan fairly screams in ecstasy of joy, "Tear away the fire, captain, an then we'll heave over the rocks."

Stalwart forms, brawny arms, are already at the work. The wagon tongues are prying under the heavy, hissing, sputtering logs. Daring hands scatter the embers. Buckets of water are dashed over the live coals. "Up wid ye now, boys!" shouts Costigan. "Heave over thim rocks!" Down with a crash goes the barricade. A cloud of steam rushes into the cave. A dozen sturdy troopers come leaping in, lifting



A dozen sturdy troopers come leaping in.

from the ground the helpless and bearing them to the blessed coolness of the outer air, and the last thing Jim Drummond sees—ere he swoons away—is the pale, senseless face of little Ruth close to his at the water's brink; her father, with Fanny clinging about his neck, kneeling by her side, his eyes uplifted in thanks to the God who even through such peril and distress has restored his loved ones, unharmed, unstained, to his rejoicing heart.

Continued.

Winter Tourist Rate Via The North-Western Line.

The North-Western line is now selling winter excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates to points in Florida, Texas, Mexico, New Mexico, Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, Sauth Carolina and Alabama. In most cases these tickets are valuable for return passage until May 34, 1894, and they afford an exceptionally favorable opportunity for a visit to the famous winter health and pleasure resorts of the South. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R.

If you are worn out, run down and nervous. Magnetic Nervine will restore your health. Sold by E. O. Smith, pharmacy.

Quickest Route to California.

If you desire to attend the Midwinter fair at San Francisco or any part of California, and wish to make the trip in the quickest and most comfortable manner, be sure that your ticket reads via the Chicago & Northwestern. Union Pacific and Southern Pacific R'ys. Palace Drawing Room Sleeping Cars leave Chicago daily and run through to San Francisco via Council Bluffs, Omaha and Ogden without change, in three and one half days all meals en route being served in dining cars Tourist sleeping cars, offering an exceptionally favorable opportunity for making the trip in a most comfortable and economical manner, are also run, and completely equipped berths can be procured by passengers holding either first or second class tickets, at a cost of only $4 per berth from Chicago (or $3 per berth from Council Bluffs or Omaha) to San Francisco and other California points. Variable route excursion tickets and first and second class one-way tickets are now on sale via the Northwestern line at extremely low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & Northwestern railway.

What Will Do It?

Medical writers claim that the successful remedy for nasal catarrh must be non-irritating, easy of application. and one that will reach the remote sores and ulcerated surfaces The history of the efforts to treat catarrh is proof positive that only one remedy has completely met these conditions, and that is Ely's Cream Balm. This safe and pleasant remedy has mastered catarrh as nothing else has ever done, and both physicians and patients freely concede this fact. Our druggists keep it.

A Contractor's Advice.

Dullman's German Medicine Co.: Gentlemen It is great pleasure in testifying in behalf of Dullman's German Blood, Liver, [illegible] and Kidney Cure. I can safely say that I have took such medicine as that to cleanse [illegible] stomach and kidneys. I was suffering for years with biliousness, indigestion and loss of appetite and sleep. One bottle of it did me more good than six months' other treatment, and I feel it my duty to testify in its behalf, so others may try and get cured.

Yours truly, Mrs. McDonald, Milano, Mich.
For sale by Palmer & Stevens.

Catarrh In The Head.

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect and permanent cure. Hood's Sarsaparila is the best blood purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh Catarrh oftimes leads to consumption Take Hood's Sarsaparilla before it is too late.

It will astonish you how quick Johnson's Magnetic Oil will kill all pain. Sold at Smith's pharmacy; 25 and 50 cents.

You will be pleased with the many and lasting effects of the Japanese Liver Pellets. Try them. Sold at Smith's pharmacy.

A World's Fair Calendar.

Anyone who has ever seen one of the "Keeping Everlastingly at It" Calendars issued by N. W. Ayer & Son Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia, is ever afterward very hard to please.

That for 1894 is a rare combination of beauty and utility—large enough to be seen, handsome enough to be admired and sensible enough to be respected. He would indeed be a queer person who would be unwilling to "keep steady company" with it for a year.

We would call this "a World's fair edition" because of its numerous references to that wonderful event. Its ingenious suggestions on this subject will doubtless be helpful to many who visited "the white city."

It is easy to credit the statement that an increasing number of these calendars is sold each year. The price delivered (and well delivered,) post paid to any address is 25 cents—evidently a tariff for protection only, as at this figure there can be no profit in it for the publishers.

The greatest worm destroyer on earth is Dullam's German Worm Lozenges, only 25 cents per box. For sale by Palmer & Stevens.

The lady had given the small boy an apple and he had said nothing in recognition. "What does a little boy say when he gets anything?" asked the lady insinuatingly. He hesitated a moment. "Some little boys," he said, "says 'thank you,' some says 'much obliged,' and some just keeps thinkin' how much better an orange is than an apple."

The man who was living when the business of the P Lorillard Co. was established, would be to-day at least 132 years of age. Of course there's no such man, but there's such a firm—the largest tobacco manufacturers in the world. Their

The Oldest Man in the World.

Climax Plug

is simply tobacco perfection. Try it and see if you do not say *it's much the best.*

They Are All Strong Companies.

Absolute security is given by the companies represented in the agency of Silas Hayner A partial list follows:

Insurance Company of North America.
Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Company.
Buffalo, German Insurance Company, New York
Northwestern National Insurance Company.
Commercial Union of London.
Westchester Insurance Company, New York.

They are time tried and fire tested. Thankful for past favors. I am very respectfully,

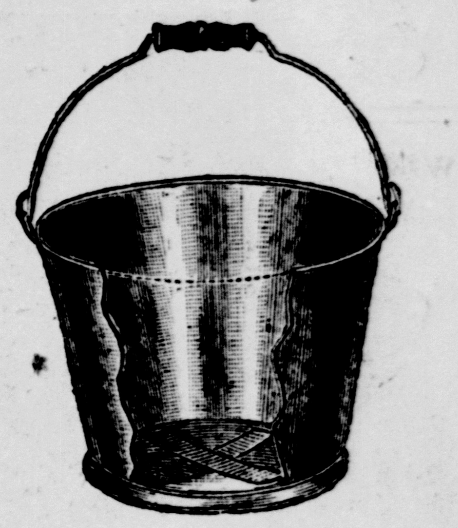
SILAS HAYNER, Room 10, Jackman Block, Janesville.

BEFORE AND AFTER USING.

RESTORED MANHOOD DR. MOTT'S NERVERINE PILLS

The great remedy for nervous prostration and all nervous diseases of the generative organs of either sex, such as Nervous Prostration, Failing or Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Youthful Errors, Mental Worry, excessive use of Tobacco or Opium, which lead to Consumption and Insanity. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Sold at $1.00 per box, 6 boxes for $5.00. DR. MOTT'S CHEMICAL CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

SMITH'S PHARMACY, Agents.



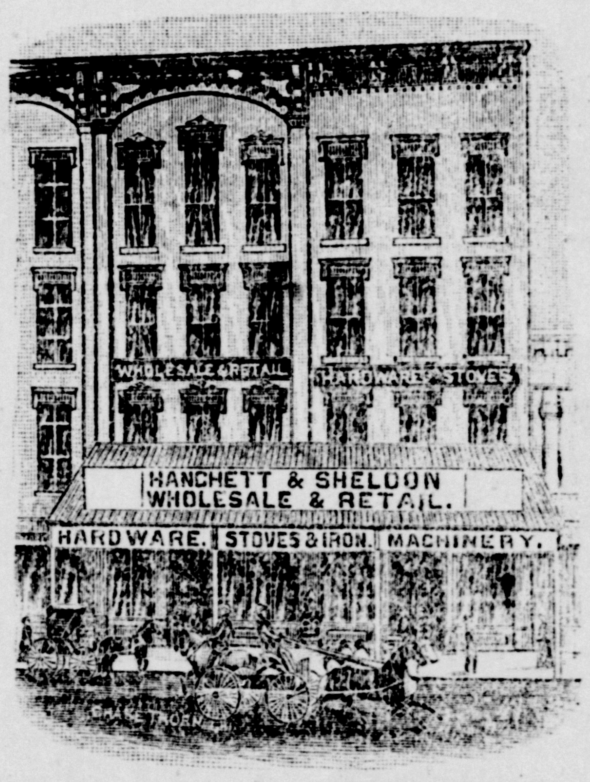
A SWEEPING SACRIFICE SALE

OF

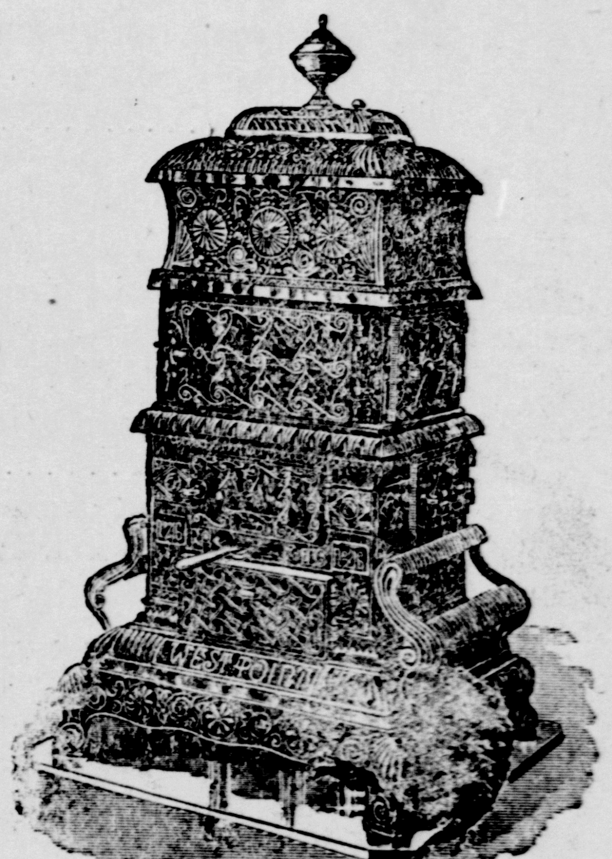
Hardware, Stoves and Tinware!

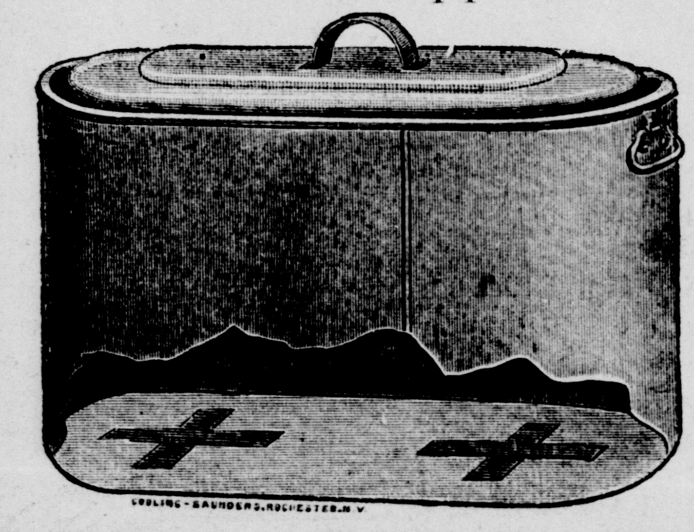
Beyond belief, say you. $30,000 worth of the above must be sold by March 1. We then invoice and we must reduce our stock. Don't pass judgment until you see the goods. The values are here just as we state. No bankrupt stock, but all new goods direct from the factory. **READ THE PRICES:**

Genuine Western Washing Machines,	$2.85
The Best Wringers Made,	1.40
Bucksaws, no better,	50
Steel Axes, with handles,	47
Two-Quart Tin Pails,	05
Hunter's Flour Sifter,	11
Painted Chamber Pails,	27
Mrs. Pott's Sad Irons, per set,	70
9-Tin Wash Boilers, Copper Bottom,	85
Copper Wash Boilers,	1.85
Tea Kettles, Copper Bottom,	43



Dust Pans,	05
Lanterns,	26
Two-Quart Pans,	05
Clamp Steel Skates,	23
Dish Pans,	14
The Celebrated Christy Bread Knife per set only	55





To be sure, there is a Loss somewhere, but don't worry about that so long as you are benefitted. The transaction is simply in accordance with our fixed rule Never to carry goods to another season. The prices and values will prevail until March 1, and positively No Longer. In a sale of this kind, the best is first to go. You will therefore come early. Sale opens Thursday Morning, Jan. 25.

A. H. SHELDON & CO., 17-19 South Main Street.

BENEATH DEATH'S SHADOW.

Ira Robinson Bancroft.

Died at the home of his son, George O. Bancroft, in the town of Lima, on January 14, 1884, at 8:20 p. m., Ira Robinson Bancroft, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Ira R Bancroft was born in Sangerfield, Oneida county, New York, August 21, 1820. He was married to Mary Shibley, December 10, 1851. They came to Wisconsin in 1856, and have resided in Rock county ever since, with the exception of a few years in Dane county. He leaves to mourn his loss, a wife and five children, four daughters and one son, the eldest, Mrs. Griswold, resides near Fort Atkinson, Mrs. Briggs and Mrs. Archer in Janesville, and Mrs. Thomson, at Indian Ford. Deceased was the last of quite a large family, except one sister, who resides in Dakota. In 1854 he united with the Baptist church and has ever since lived a consistent Christian life. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Delano of Edgerton. The song service was very appropriate and well rendered. The pall bearers were the sons and sons-in-law of the deceased. The remains were laid to rest in the Fassett cemetery.

Thomas--McKenna.

Ernest Thomas and Miss Hattie McKenna were quietly married at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. M. L. Stoddard 155 Chatham street last evening. Rev. J. D. Cole performed the ceremony and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas will make Beloit their home.

More Cloaks.

It is but a short time since Archie Reid bought 500 cloaks at a cloak sale in Chicago. They did not anticipate that those cloaks would go so quick, but the citizens of Janesville and Rock county know full well what it means when Mr. Reid tells them he has a bargain in store. The last lot of cloaks they bought were purchased so cheap that the people bought them at half price, and this sale was a decided success. Mr. George D Simpson, the junior member of this popular dry goods house has gone to Chicago to attend another great sale of cloaks and jackets. It is useless to say he will buy them cheap, as cash will do almost anything nowadays, and when one pays cash, your own price can almost be named. Mr. Simpson will endeavor to get better value for his money than before, consequently the citizens can buy cheaper. He will return in a few days and then you will have another chance such as only is given by Archie Reid.

For Over Fifty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world

You will be pleased with the many and lasting effects of the Japanese Liver Pellets. Try them. Sold at Smith's pharmacy.

THE PEOPLE ARE WITH US—THE CITY IS OURS.

The Great "Bell," on the Bridge.

Grand Clearing Sale, commencing **Saturday, Jan. 27.**

Cloaks! Cloaks! Cloaks!

All our $10.00, $12.00 and $15 Ladies' Cloaks and Jackets for this sale **$8.50**

Children's and Misses' Cloaks at your own price.

DRESS GOODS!

All our 50c, 75c and $1 all wool fancy dress Flannels for this sale............ **39c**

We also put on our counters all our 25, 30 and 35c Dress goods, 7 yards for............ **$1.48**

SHOES!

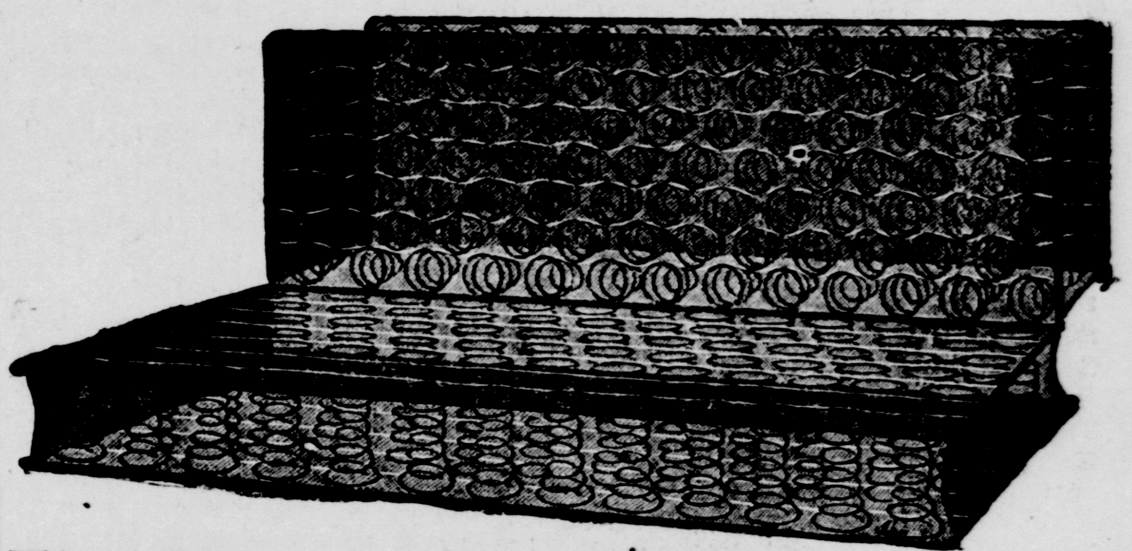
Our $2 Ladies fine Dongola Patent Tip Button Shoes for this sale.... **$1.25**

Boy's Clothing

200 boys' suits worth $2, for this sale...... **$1.25**

We have a big line of **Remnants** of all descriptions at **Half Price.** Sale opens Saturday morning. Wait for it. The only **BIG SALE** of the Season.

The Bell, On the Bridge.



The Puritan Spring.

The finest lace web spring made.

176 Separate Springs.

No other spring can compare with it in Durability . . . . . . **Style and Cheapness.**

For sale only by **Frank D. Kimball,** THE LEADING FURNITURE DEALER.

18 W. Milwaukee Street.

The Advertising

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which, in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

This Is What

Dr. Koch's German Nerve Pills for nervous people Guaranteed to cure weak memory, loss of brain power and all nervousness to either sex. Price $1 or 6 for $5. Dullman's German Medicine Co., Flint, Mich., sole agents for United States and Canada. Sold by Palmer & Stevens.

"During the epidemic of la grippe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy took the lead here and was much better liked than other cough medicine." H. M. Bangs, druggist, Chatsworth, Ill. The grip is much the same as a very severe cold, and requires precisely the same treatment. This Remedy is prompt and effectual, and will prevent any tendency of the disease toward pneumonia. For sale by Palmer & Stevens, druggists.

WHY?

Taste of "Royal Ruby Port Wine" and you will know why we call it "Royal." A glass held up to the light will show why we call it Ruby. $500 reward for any bottle of this wine found under five years old, or in any way adulterated. It is grand in sickness and convalescence, or where a strengthening cordial is required; recommended by druggists and physicians. Be sure you get "Royal Ruby," don't let dealers impose on you with something "just as good." Sold only in bottles; price, quarts $1, pints 60 cts. Bottled by Royal Wine Co. Sold by Stearns & Baker

CRUMMEY & BROOKS,

28 South Main Street.

Cross cut saws, axes, lanterns, tinware, granite-ware, wire door-mats, bread-boxes, granite tea and coffee-pots, skates, cutlery of all kinds. The celebrated Christy Bread knife. We don't allow anyone to undersell us.

CRUMMEY & BROOKS,

28 South Main Street.

Shall Continue

Chair Sale

until all are gone.

6 Brace Arm Polished Oak Dining Chairs **$7.75**

1 Set Polished Oak Dining Chairs Consisting of 5 Brace Arm One Carving Chair **8.45**

C. S. & E. W PUTNAM.

10 South Main St